The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

JUNE 1951

Canada's Fur Bearers

Seven Islands

Eskimo Sculptors

Klondike Memories

PRO PELLE CUTEM
We
The Governor and Company of Adventurers
of England Trading into Hudson's Bay
being the owners of Lower Fort Garry in the
Province of Manitoba, do hereby transfer to
His Majesty The King in the Right of Canada
the said Lower Fort to be preserved for the
people of Canada as a National Historic Site.
In Witness Whereof - We the said The Governor and
Company have caused our Corporate Seal to be hereunto
affixed this Fourteenth day of February in the Fifteenth
year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, GEORGE the SIXTH
by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, & the British Domin-
ions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, etc. and in
the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred & Fifty One.
Governor
Deputy Governor

Illuminated deed marking the transfer of Lower Fort Garry to the Dominion of Canada. The original is in full colour on parchment.

THE BEAVER

OUTFIT 282 JUNE 1951

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FUR BEARERS OF CANADA

by Leonard Butler Illustrated by Clarence Tillenius

The "Beaver" for December 1950 carried an article by Dr. Butler on "Canada's Wild Fur Crop" which dealt with the distribution of our chief fur bearers across the Dominion and the value of the skins they produce. In this article he briefly describes the animals themselves—their appearance, habits, characteristics, food, living quarters, and families.

BEAVER

Canada's national animal is known chiefly for his ability to cut down trees and build dams. His most unusual features are his broad, flat tail, which he uses in swimming, and his long front teeth with which he cuts wood. Long guard hairs protect the thick undercoat that keeps him warm in winter. This rich brown pelt was the lure that brought old-time adventurers across the seas to trade with the Indians, and which sent them on across unknown country as far as the Pacific. The beaver's lodge is built of sticks and mud in the water. If necessary he can raise the level of the water by building dams (up to a mile long) of logs, brush, mud and stones, thus covering the entrances to his house and the feed pile he stores for the winter. Chiefly, he feeds on the bark, twigs and leaves of the poplar, willow, and alder, and in summer on water plants. Beaver do not mate until they are two years old. Three to eight kits are born in a litter, and spend their first winter in the parents' house.

MUSKRAT

Often called by the Indian name "Musquash," the muskrat is really not a rat at all. It is an aquatic animal and its hind feet are partly webbed, while its fur is very fine and dense to protect it from the cold water. The muskrat's domed house is three to five feet high, built of vegetation mixed with mud in a marsh or shallow lake. Its entrance is under water, and above water the owner chews out one or more rooms. Here are born two or three litters a year of three to twelve young. The muskrat's food consists mainly of water plants, partly of crayfish and clams. In summer it often builds feeding platforms of floating vegetation. In winter it forages under the ice, breathing out air bubbles at intervals. By the time the muskrat returns to it, each bubble has acquired oxygen from the water, and if hard pressed for air, the rat breathes it in again.* The food is eaten either in the main house or in a tiny house called a "push-up" nearer the feeding grounds. In northern regions the muskrat spends the whole seven winter months in his houses or under the ice.

*The beaver also practices this method of breathing under the ice.

ERMINE (WEASEL)

Quick as lightning, and brave out of all proportion to its size, the weasel or ermine is the most efficient killer of the wild. Its scent, sight, and hearing are all acute, and by day or night its lithe, low-slung, muscular form may be seen flitting like a shadow in and out among the rocks and trees. With extraordinary ferocity it attacks animals far bigger than itself, whom it trails, like a dog, by scent. Its varying colours—brown in summer and white in winter—enable it to blend with its surroundings and come within pouncing distance of its unsuspecting quarry. On occasion it hunts in the branches of trees, and its prey may include squirrels, chipmunks, and grouse as well as rabbits, mice, lemmings, and ducks. The weasel either digs its own burrows under stumps or rocks, or makes its home in hollow trees or abandoned burrows. Annual litters as large as twelve have been known, but the average is four to six.

SKUNK

Most people avoid skunks like the plague; yet when caught young these animals make endearing pets, playful as kittens. In the wild they live in hollow logs, deserted burrows, rock crevices, or holes they dig themselves. A nest of leaves and grass is made there, and four to ten young are born in the spring. Sometimes they take up quarters under a house. Skunks feed on insects, eggs, young birds, snakes, frogs, fish, and numerous small fruits. Armed with their fearful weapon, they can afford to amble sedately through the forests or fields with little fear of attack; yet numbers of them are killed by wolves, foxes, and owls, as well as by man, who traps them for their handsome black and white pelts. If you approach a skunk he growls and stamps his front feet. Then, if you come closer, he turns about and, raising his tail, lets fly with two jets of liquid from his scent glands. That ends the argument.

MINK

Never found far from lakes or rivers, the mink is more at home in the water than on land. With his long supple body and partly webbed feet, he is a fast swimmer, and feeds on fish, frogs, and young muskrat, as well as on mice, rabbits, birds and birds' eggs. Like his relative the weasel he is a bloodthirsty, tireless, solitary hunter, and sometimes kills for the sake of killing. The mink's den is found under logs or stones or in the banks of streams. There three to ten young are born in the spring, and remain with their parents until the fall, when they become fully grown and leave to forage for themselves. They can be raised in captivity, and mink ranches are now common right across Canada. On these ranches the dark brown or black colour of the pelt has been largely replaced through selective breeding with silver-blue, pastel, or white fur. Ranch and wild mink together form our most valuable fur crop.

MARTEN

One of the most graceful and beautiful of our forest animals, the richly furred marten can dart up trees and leap from branch to branch with the agility of a squirrel. He can catch chipmunks, weasels, squirrels, and rabbits, all of which form part of the varied marten menu, together with grouse, small birds, frogs, mice, fish, and wild fruit. Unlike its cousins, the mink and weasel, the marten avoids the haunts of man, and breeds in greatest numbers in the thick evergreen forests, chiefly in British Columbia. Its nest is made of grass, moss, and leaves in a hollow tree or under a log, and there one to six naked and helpless young are born in spring. One of the members of the weasel family, the adult is about a yard long and weighs some six pounds. The tail is bushy and the fur of a rich dark-brown colour, with a patch of orange or light grey at the throat. With care, marten can be raised in captivity.

FISHER

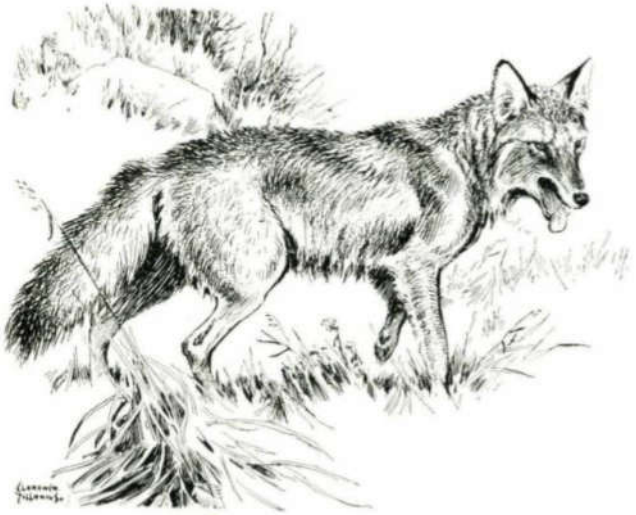
One of the least known of our fur bearing animals, the fisher or pekan is like a large, dark marten, running in weight to 18 or 20 lbs. He is extraordinarily vicious, quick, and powerful, and can even catch the marten in a chase through the tree tops, as well as the snowshoe rabbit on the ground. By no means plentiful, his rich, dark brown or black pelt is worth more than that of any other Canadian animal. The fisher is one of the large members of the weasel group and makes his home either high in the hollow of a tree or in a ground den, where from two to five young are born in spring. His food consists of porcupines—which very few other animals dare attack—and of rabbits, squirrels, and most other small woodland mammals along with frogs, eggs, nuts, and seeds. Despite his name, he does not fish, and in fact seldom goes near the water. Like the marten, he is sometimes bred in captivity.

OTTER

The best-wearing fur coat in nature is found on the otter, whose four-foot long, heavily built body is clothed in short, dense, oily fur which provides him with a tough, water-repellent playsuit. Clumsy on land with his short legs, webbed feet, and thick, pointed tail, he is a picture of grace and swiftness in the water where he pursues the fish that make up his chief article of diet. Unlike his weasel relatives, this "good-time Charlie" (as he is called in the film *Beaver Valley*) loves to play with his friends, and their greatest delight is to slide one after the other down a slippery bank. The dusky-brown otter is always on the move. He travels long distances from one waterway to another, and in winter his characteristic grooved track may be seen winding for miles through the snowy forest. In his den, beside the water, one to five young are born in May and remain with the mother until almost fully grown.

WOLF

The wolf resembles a large dog, but the long hairs of the neck form a kind of mane which tends to distinguish it from a dog. In general the wolf is lankier, has longer legs, and weighs more (over one hundred pounds for a large male) than most dogs. His chest is narrower so that his front legs are closer together than in the dog. The coarse-haired fur varies in colour from white to deep black. Grey to reddish grey is the predominant colour, with an occasional blue-grey individual. The wolf preys on all animals from the size of moose and deer down to mice, and will also eat fish and carrion. His den is usually made among rocks or in a hollow log, and here in the spring are born six to nine cubs. Unlike most fur animals the father takes an active part in the rearing of the family, and they hunt as a unit. Often in the winter several of these family groups will combine to form a pack of 20 to 30 wolves.



COYOTE

Wolf-like in appearance but smaller, with larger ears and more slender muzzle, the coyote varies in colour from grey to black, usually whitish below and with a small black tip to the tail. Coyotes are more at home on the grassy plains than in the thick bush and their characteristic high-pitched howl is a familiar sound on the prairie. They usually mate for life, and most of their hunting is done either in pairs or singly. Their food consists chiefly of rabbits, ground squirrels, mice, birds and birds' eggs, insects, and berries. The three to twelve young are born in a den in April or May. Coyotes are noted for their shifty cunning and their fleetness of foot. These two qualities have enabled them to increase both in numbers and range in spite of man's constant battle to exterminate them by the use of trap, gun, and poison. In settled areas their raids on poultry and livestock make them a real pest.

COLOURED FOX

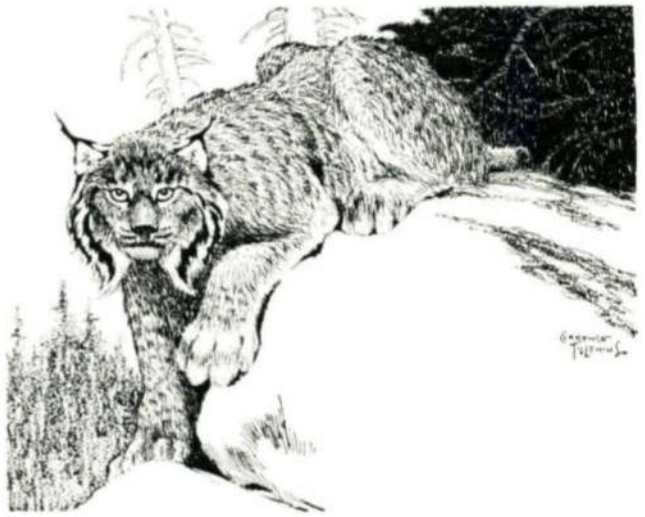
Coloured foxes are of three kinds—red, black or silver, and cross—and a single litter may contain all three phases. The pelt of the cross fox has a mixture of the red and silvery-black hairs of the other two kinds. It gets its name from the black cross that is usually found down the middle of its back and across its shoulders. All three phases have long bushy tails with which they keep their paws and noses warm while sleeping. In the wild, reds are most common, then cross, and then silver, but ranch breeding has greatly increased the numbers of silver foxes. The clearing of bush land has created better living conditions for wild foxes, and they also have multiplied considerably in the past twenty-five years. Coloured foxes are solitary hunters who forage mostly at night, and feed chiefly on small birds and rodents. They have only one litter a year, of three to nine cubs, born in the den or burrow during March.

ARCTIC FOX

The Arctic Fox is only about two-thirds the size of its coloured cousin. Its muzzle is broader and not as long; its legs are shorter and its foot pads are hairy, while its ears are short, rounded, and covered with hair so that in winter they are hardly noticeable. Like its larger relative it has more than one colour phase. Commoner is the white, made up of long white guard hairs and short smoky-grey underfur. Much rarer is the "blue," which varies from a smoky greyish-brown through several shades of brown and grey. The summer coat of both phases is a smoky-brown colour. The habitat of the Arctic fox is the barren lands, where in May three to fifteen young are born in a burrow. Three months later they leave the family circle. Their chief food is the lemming, a large rodent about twice the size of a mouse. The skin of the Arctic fox is the unit of currency in the trading posts of the far North.

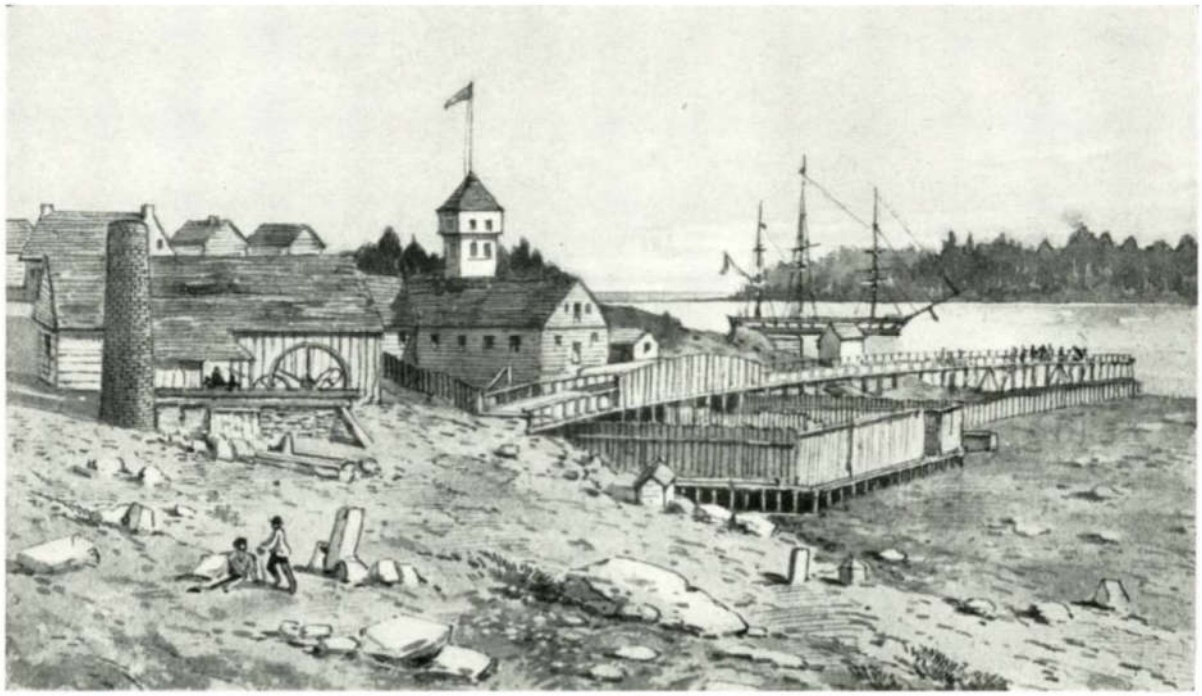
LYNX

With his thick grey-brown fur and big feet, the lynx is generally thought to be far larger than he really is. He averages not much more than three feet in length, and weighs only 20 to 30 lbs. His legs are long, but his body is short. His head is a thing of beauty with its full furry cheeks and tufted ears, and its baleful green eyes. In winter his large round feet become heavily furred both above and below and serve to support him in the deep soft snow of his forest habitat. Though there are many tales of his ferocity, the Canada lynx does not attack people. His chief food is the snowshoe rabbit (varying hare) and he will eat practically nothing else if these are available. But in times of scarcity he will prey upon mice, squirrels, foxes, and birds. From two to five kittens are born annually in a hollow tree or rocky den, and usually stay and hunt with the mother for a year.



SQUIRREL

The red squirrel is only half the size of his black and grey cousins but he certainly is not to be outdone in vivacity or excitability. His globular nest built of twigs, leaves and moss nestled amongst the spruce boughs or high up in the forking branches of a hardwood tree is a conspicuous part of the winter landscape. In such a nest, or in a hollow tree, the four to six young are born in June, but there may be more than one litter born during the summer. His coat of grizzled reddish brown becomes redder in winter. The food of the squirrel is chiefly seeds and nuts, but he will eat almost anything. His habit of eating the eggs and young of birds often leads to noisy squabbles between parent birds and marauding squirrels. In the evergreen forests of the north the heaps of cones gathered by squirrels are often used for reforestation purposes, and the squirrel's habit of burying nuts helps establish new trees.



Nanaimo in 1859, from a water colour by Lieut. E. D. Panter-Downes.

COAL FOR THE WARSHIPS

The discovery of coal on Vancouver Island meant a handy source of supply for the naval and commercial ships of the Pacific Coast.

by B. A. McKelvie

Pictures from B. C. Archives

THE brig *Harpooner* lay becalmed off Neah Bay, just inside the entrance to the strait of Juan de Fuca. The vessel was surrounded with Indian canoes, and passengers as well as crew were prepared to fight off a threatened attack. It was the last day of May, 1849. Andrew Muir, a sturdy coal miner and passenger related the incident:

> "On entering the Straits at Cape Flattery, being becalmed for one day, a lot of Indians came on board and would not go off until they were actually pushed off. Some of them on reaching their canoes made an oration in their own tongue, which we could not understand. We thought it was nothing good, with about 40 canoes round about the vessel and making such an unearthly noise, and being forced off the deck, we flew to our arms ready for action. The Indians had all bows and arrows. Fortunately a breeze struck up which took us away out of their reach."

The next day the *Harpooner* arrived at Fort Victoria, new Pacific Coast headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company.

At the time of their arrival, but at the other end of Vancouver's Island, old Chief Factor John Work was directing the building of a new post to be known as Fort Rupert. It was located but one day's canoe ride from the site of old Fort McLoughlin across Queen Charlotte Sound. Fort McLoughlin had been abandoned in 1843 when Fort Victoria was built on the southern tip of the great island.

The arrival of the coal miners on board the *Harpooner*, and the presence of Work at McNeill harbor, were directly related.

In 1835 an Indian from the locality where the palisades of Fort Rupert were later reared, had confided to Dr. Wm. F. Tolmie, surgeon-clerk at Fort McLoughlin, that there was "black stone" that burned near his village. The following year, upon the first trip of the historic steamer *Beaver*, Dr. Tolmie and other officials at Fort McLoughlin had been conveyed to the place indicated by the native, and found outcroppings of coal.

Dr. Tolmie reported the discovery to Chief Factor McLoughlin at Fort Vancouver, and he relayed the information to London, where it was confided to the Admiralty. Steam was superseding sail on the oceans of the world. Great Britain's Pacific fleet was based on Valparaiso. In the years that elapsed between the finding of

the Vancouver's Island coal and the settlement of the boundary line between Great Britain and United States, the transition to engined vessels had been accelerated. Coal was being carried from England and Wales around the Horn to build stock piles for naval vessels at Valparaiso. So it was that as soon as the argument over the sovereignty of the North Pacific littoral was concluded, Captain Duntze, in H.M.S. *Cormorant*, was sent to investigate and report upon the coal potential of the British domain in the Northern latitudes.

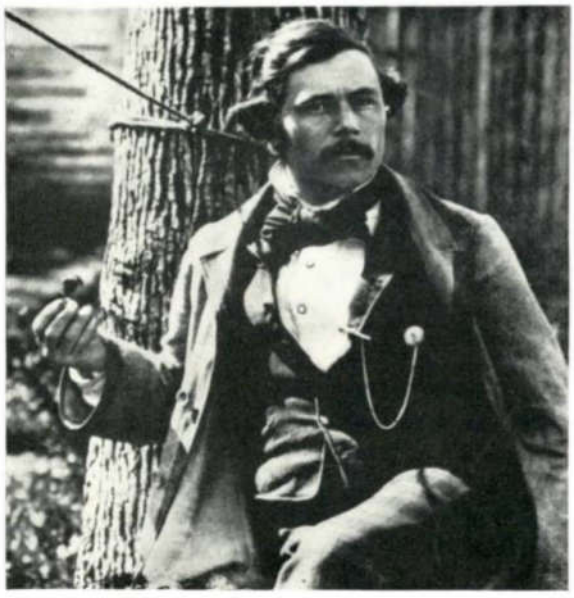
Captain Duntze, from Fort Victoria, wrote to the Board of Management of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver. Chief Factors Peter Skene Ogden and James Douglas made lengthy reply, describing in detail the coal deposits located by Doctor Tolmie. One paragraph of that reply, dated September 7, 1846, is of importance:

"If the British Government has any intention of making this Coal available for the use of the steam navy, it will be necessary, in order to keep a constant supply on hand, to form an establishment on the spot of sufficient force to protect it against the natives, who are numerous, bold and treacherous: and also to carry on mining operations. We would, in such case, recommend that an application on the subject be made to the Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company in London, who could in a short time take measures to get the necessary means collected, under the management of experienced persons acquainted with Indian character and capable of drawing the greatest possible advantage from their presence."

The Admiralty acted upon this advice and the Hudson's Bay Company became involved in the business of mining coal, and also of managing a colony for the Crown.

Obviously, important mining production, with commercial as well as naval shipping resorting to the place for cargoes of coal, would require established authority, for the control of the necessary settlement and the requirements of commerce. Suffice it to say that protracted negotiations were entered into between the Imperial Government and the Hudson's Bay Company for such responsibility to be assumed by the Company. Sir John H. Pelly, Governor of the Company, in writing to Earl Grey, Colonial Secretary, under date of March 4, 1848, made it clear that the only consideration impelling the Hudson's Bay Company to undertake the management of coal and colonization was a desire "to give every assistance in their power to promote colonization, and in every way in which your Lordship may be of opinion that their service can be made available towards that important object." Continuing, the Governor stated explicitly: "I have only to observe that the Company expect no pecuniary advantage from colonizing the territory in question. All monies received from land or minerals would be applied to purposes connected with the improvement of the country. . . ."

Joseph Mackay, who "discovered" the coal deposits at Nanaimo in 1850.



The results of these discussions and negotiations in high places was that those first bright days of June 1849, saw old John Muir and his party wandering about Fort Victoria, viewing with some trepidation King Freezy and his Saanich braves.

Shortly after their arrival Chief Factor James Douglas had come from Fort Vancouver to take charge of Fort Victoria. The Muirs met Douglas a few days later. They were already becoming uneasy, and the stories of the amazing wealth of the newly discovered goldfields of California attracted them.

It was not until August 27 that the miners finally got away from Fort Victoria for their new home. They had been engaged in blasting rock for the formation of a dry-dock, where today the E & N railway station is situated. They did not like the work, but made no open protest. It was nearly a month later, September 24, when they reached Fort Rupert, and they were already disgusted with their lot.

On October 26, Andrew Muir noted:

"We are all of us at Pit, digging a Drain to take away surface water. Now we are in Vancouver Island and we are put to the sinking of a Pit to look for Coal, a thing we never agreed for, as we came out here to work Coal, not to look for it and to do all manner of work, and I consider the Company has broken our agreement as we were only to work as laborers in the event of the coal not succeeding. Now we never saw a coal at all and on speaking about it we were told we should have to work at anything we were put and knowing we could get no relief we were obliged to work away. Thus have we been kept knocked about at everything away from the Fort with our work and no protection and everything about the Pit to ourselves without any assistance. . . . We went to the head officer of the Fort for assistance and our place be made secure from the Indians with Pickets that we might work without molestation, but no assistance could we get. . . ."

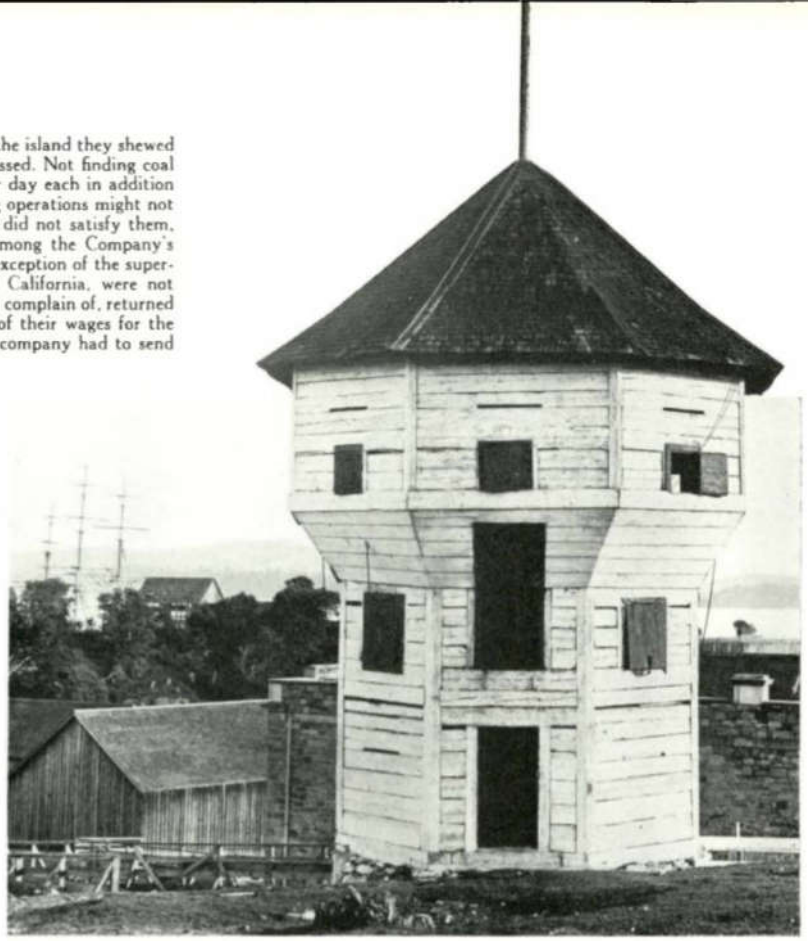
Such were but a few of the grievances that Andrew Muir had discovered in a month's sojourn at Fort Rupert. The Muirs and their associates, McGregor and Smith, were experienced coal diggers, who regarded themselves as being far above the status of common laborers. In Scotland the work of sinking a shaft would be undertaken by navvies—not experienced and highly qualified miners. Again, the fur trade officials who were accustomed to the savages and their ways, could not understand the fears that beset the newcomers when Indians came and watched them at work.

Troubles multiplied. Let Sir John H. Pelly summarize the difficulties, as he did in a letter to Earl Grey, November 7, 1851:

"From the moment of arrival of these men on the island they shewed that they had other views than those they professed. Not finding coal as soon as they expected they demanded 2/6 per day each in addition to their contract wages. In order that the mining operations might not be stopped, this demand was conceded, but this did not satisfy them, and they first struck work, excited a mutiny among the Company's servants, and then deserted in a body (with the exception of the superintendent). They went to the gold diggings in California, were not successful, and, notwithstanding the ill usage they complain of, returned to Vancouver's Island, and demanded payment of their wages for the time they had been away. In the meantime the company had to send out other miners in their place at great expense."

So bitter did the dispute between the miners and the officers at Fort Rupert become that Andrew Muir and McGregor were confined in the Bastion in irons for a time. When Sir John Pelly learned of this he wrote a stinging rebuke to Douglas, although the chief factor had not ordered the confinement.

The miners produced but little coal. Altogether some 2,000 tons were raised, but these were mostly hacked from outcroppings by Indians with trade axes.



The bastion at Nanaimo, still standing, was built in 1853 by two French Canadian axemen. From a photo taken before 1891.

The new miners, under Boyd Gilmour, arrived to find that the prospects of developing producing mines near Fort Rupert were dull. Gilmour sank test pits and bores at various places without encountering a single seam of coal worth developing. Douglas was in despair. It looked as if the whole project of supplying the navy and commercial shipping with bunker fuel, or of selling to the California market, had collapsed. He sent out instructions to various places to search for new deposits. J. Murray Yale, at Fort Langley, was the only officer to report on the finding of a seam, and it was a small one of indifferent quality.

Then it was that Douglas remembered that J. W. Mackay (misspelled in the correspondence of the time as "McKay") had reported the existence of coal at Wentuhuysen Inlet, some 75 miles north of Victoria.

It was in December, 1849, that an old Indian had brought his musket to Fort Victoria to be repaired. As he stood watching the blacksmith replenish the fire in the forge, he noticed that he was using "black stones." The native asked where the coal had been secured, and when told that it had come across the water, he laughed, and then remarked that he thought that the white men were clever, but they could not be if they carried coals across the sea for such a distance when it could be obtained near his village. The smith took the Indian to Mackay, and that clever clerk offered an attractive reward if the Indian would go home and return with some samples of the coal.

The old native was gone for some months, but in the Spring of 1850 he came back with a canoe cargo of nice looking coal. It was shown to Chief Factor Douglas—who was soon to become Governor of the infant colony as well—and he instructed Mackay to accompany the Indian home to investigate his story. Mackay did and found a nice looking outcropping on the beach of Wentuhuysen Inlet where the S'nenymo Indians had their abode.

When in 1852, the failure of Gilmour to find promise of economic deposits of coal at Fort Rupert finally forced Douglas to abandon hope of developing mines in that vicinity, and he recalled Mackay's report on the Wentuhuysen locality, he determined to make a personal visit to the place, which he did, by canoe. It was a joyful Douglas, who on August 18, wrote to Archibald Barclay, secretary of the company, in London:

"I returned last night from an exploratory excursion through the Canal de Arro and along the east Coast of Vancouver's Island, undertaken for the purpose of examining the beds of Coal reported to exist in that quarter, and I rejoice to say that our journey has been productive of very satisfactory results as we have abundant evidence to prove that the mineral wealth of Vancouver's Island has not been over stated."

After describing the finding of three seams of mineable width that outcropped near the shore, he enthused:

"This discovery has afforded me more satisfaction than I can express, and I trust the Company will derive advantages from it equal the important influences it must necessarily exercise on the fortunes of this Colony."

Now everything was keyed to the development of the new found mines. J. D. Pemberton was sent with a party to examine further and explore the vicinity; Mackay, the

indefatigable, was sent off post-haste by canoe to take possession of the locality for the Company; and Douglas got in touch with John Muir, inducing him and several of his family, as well as McGregor, to start mining operations there. This time it was clearly understood, and Mackay was so instructed; Muir was in full charge, with no interference with his operational activities by the fur trade branch. Douglas, remembering that, despite his earlier efforts to arrange abundant supplies for the Scots, they had complained of not getting sufficient food at Fort Rupert, now agreed that they should receive an additional 1/6 per diem in lieu of provisions, and were to feed themselves.

The company acquired several thousands of acres of coal lands, all of which they purchased at the prevailing rate from the Colony.

Muir was delighted with the quality and character of the coal, and while he and his men, with Indian labour under their direction, worked happily in sinking shafts and putting down test pits and driving tunnels to prove the deposits, Mackay with his force of builders and laborers toiled in the construction of shelters, a store and a bastion. As soon as the men were housed in temporary dwellings, the construction of substantial log houses was started.

Almost weekly Mackay was able to report the discovery of new coal deposits or the improvement in the character of those already known. Then he located a salt spring close to the mining operations, from which he obtained one pint of salt from seven pints of brine. This same little stream, he found, would provide sufficient power to drive a sawmill, so a water wheel was built and a small mill, to cut mine timbers and rough lumber, was soon in operation.

Douglas now ordered Gilmour to bring his miners from Fort Rupert to the new establishment, which the Chief Factor proposed to call "Colviletown," but which Pemberton christened "Nanaimo," a much more attractive name that was soon adopted. One of the men who accompanied Gilmour to Nanaimo was his nephew, Robert Dunsmuir, who in time became the richest man and greatest industrialist of British Columbia.

By the time the Fort Rupert contingent arrived, log houses were awaiting them; the big store, behind a high picketed fence, stood near the waterfront, while on a rocky knoll above and protecting it, was a single bastion —still affectionately cared for by the Native Sons of B.C. —a truly formidable fortress as it appeared to the Indians. It was constructed by two artists with the axe, Leon Labine and Jean Baptiste Fortier, who, when feeling exuberant would offer to lay down naked on any timbers squared by them and permit themselves to be dragged over the wood, without fear of injury from splinters.

Shipments of coal were made to San Francisco, and soon there was an active demand for it in California; ships started coming to Vancouver's Island for cargoes. The demand became such that more miners and their families had to be brought from the United Kingdom.

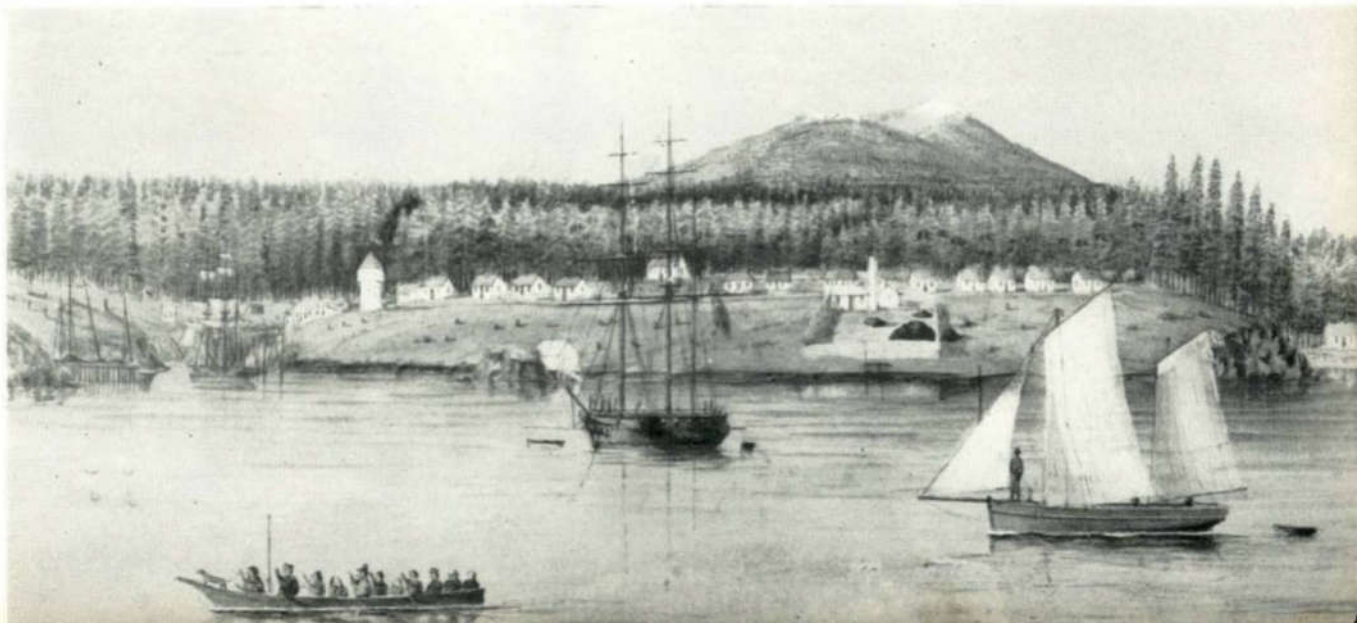
On November 27, 1854, the ship *Princess Royal* reached Esquimalt with 22 Staffordshire miners and their families, for the Nanaimo mines. Their arrival at Nanaimo—still celebrated annually—marked the second phase of development of coal mining, for the mines were now placed on a solid basis of productiveness—the period of prospecting and experimentation had ended.

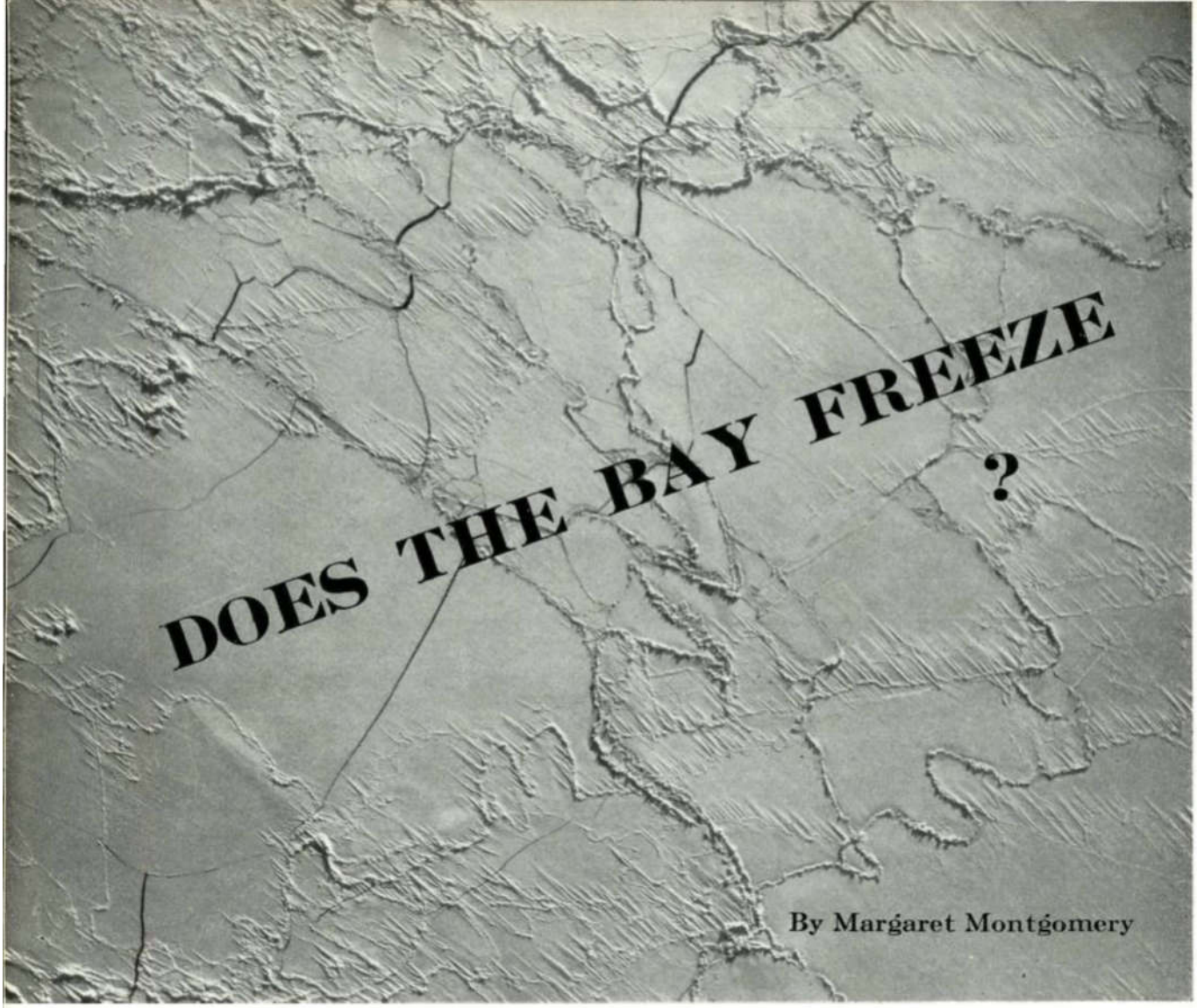
The Hudson's Bay Company continued to operate the Nanaimo pits until 1862, when the Vancouver Coal Company (including on its directorate Judge Thomas Haliburton, author of *Sam Slick the Clockmaker*) purchased the mines. At the same time the store at Nanaimo was sold to Cunningham brothers, of New Westminster. Neither the new coal corporation nor the Cunninghams were interested in salt, so the brine springs were neglected and became filled with rock and dirt.

Such, in brief, is an outline of how the Hudson's Bay Company, as an Imperial service, started a business that has gone on since that time—for coal mining is still an important industry on Vancouver Island.

As for the Company, after an absence of sixty-seven years it returned to Nanaimo in 1939, and purchased a furniture and electric appliance store which it now operates as part of its Interior Stores Division.

Nanaimo, from a water colour by E. P. Bedwell. The first discovery of coal was made just out of the picture on the left. Note the piles of coal in the enclosure.





DOES THE BAY FREEZE ?

By Margaret Montgomery

Looking straight down 2000 feet on to the ice of Hudson Bay between Churchill and Mansel Island in January 1950. Note the cracks or leads, the zigzag pressure ridges, and the drifts. R.C.A.F.

UNTIL recent years, winter conditions in Hudson Bay were no problem to anyone and of interest only to a very few. Everyone knew what they would be—or at least thought they did. Those who had studied the reports of early explorers knew that the Bay remained open all year round. Those who hadn't, knew, of course, that it did not—for how could a shallow inland sea in those latitudes remain unfrozen during the Arctic winter? So everyone was satisfied and no one thought much about the matter. Perhaps the only ones who gave the question any attention were those concerned with the development of the Hudson Bay sea route to Europe, and their interest was not so much in investigating whether or not the Bay was completely frozen over, as in determining the dates on which the fringe of shore ice around its edge ended the shipping season at ports like Churchill, or in estimating how early in the season the ice floes in Hudson Strait would become a menace to navigation.

One of those who had studied the question at some length was Dr. A. J. Bajkov, who wrote in the March 1941 *Beaver:* "Many people think that Hudson Bay and Strait are solidly frozen over during the winter months. This is not true, however, for the main body of water in this vast inland Canadian sea is constantly open." Later research, however, especially from the air, has shown that this statement is open to question.

The research which has been of most importance in deciding the question is that done by air reconnaissance and photography. After the establishment of the large base on Southampton Island at the northern limits of the Bay in 1942, flights over the region became common. No special reconnaissance of ice conditions was requested for no one realized it would have any significance. Gradually, however, from the reports of those who had flown over the area, it began to appear that the careful and conscientious records of early explorers might be in error, and that instead of remaining open, the entire Bay might be blanketed under a continuous ice cover during the winter.

With the extension of its forecasting services and requirements the Canadian Meteorological Service became inter-

ested in the question and gave its support to a programme of research initiated about five years ago and placed under the direction of the Geography Department at McGill University. If Hudson Bay remained open all winter, the warming effect which such a huge body of water would have on the cold polar air flowing across it would be clearly evident in the temperatures and the amount of cloudiness of the surrounding areas. If, on the other hand, the Bay were frozen over, it would act as an extension of the cold snow-covered land and, in the long hours of winter darkness, would add its chilling effect to the Arctic winds which sweep predominantly south and southeastwards over the region. Certainly all existing reports from the whalers and explorers who had wintered there, claimed that it was an area of open water, but the climatic research carried out at McGill showed little in the weather records to support such an opinion and much to contradict it. Clearly, one or other of the sources was mistaken and something should be done to clear up the discrepancy. There is a saying that "one good peek is worth all the informative bidding in the world," and this was the principle it was decided to adopt here. Thus, early in 1948, through the excellent support and co-operation of the R.C.A.F. and other branches of the Department of National Defense, a series of winter reconnaissance flights over the Bay was begun.

Four flights were made in 1948 between March and early May, the most ambitious being the "Cariberg" flight of May 3rd to 7th (*Beaver*, Sept. 1950). In addition to the meteorologists aboard, there were on that flight a large number of other observers, specialists in a variety of fields, whose unbiased reports of conditions existing over the Bay at that time only served to support the findings which had been suggested by the geographic and meteorological research already undertaken. In the course of the next winter only one flight was made—March, 1949. During the winter of 1949-50 there were four flights—the first one taking place towards the latter part of November in order to check the dates at which freeze-up commences in the central area.

On the early flights photographs were taken either by the observers themselves in their own cameras, or in a K-20 hand-held camera operated by members of the R.C.A.F. Photographic Squadron from Rockcliffe. Beginning with the March reconnaissance in 1949, aerial photographs have been taken on all such sorties at either 10 or 20 minute intervals along the entire line of flight. This has piled up an impressive photographic record which shows beyond all dispute that in these years, *the Bay was completely frozen over during the winter months.*

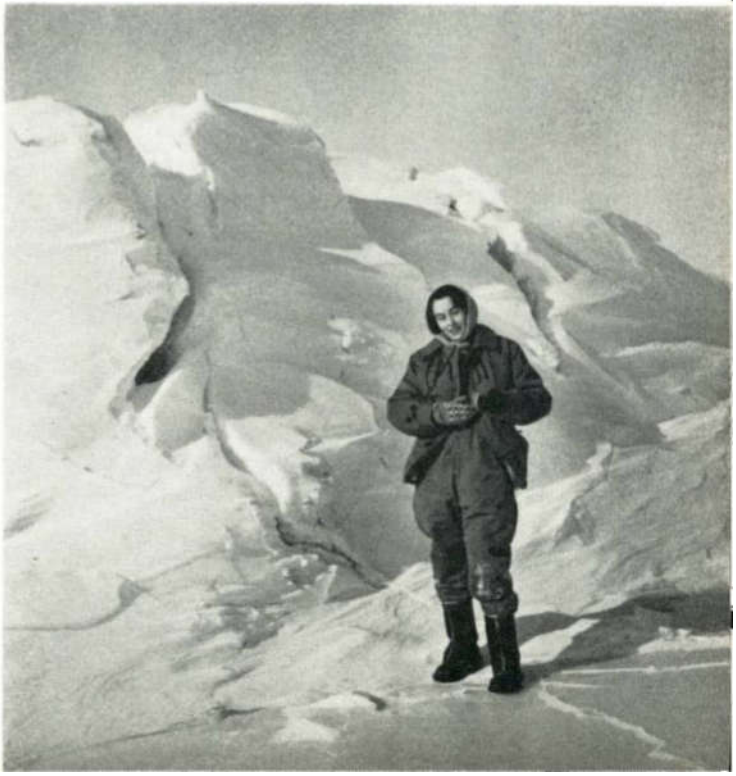
These were not exceptionally cold winters—in fact, a study of the weather record shows that on the whole the temperatures were somewhat milder than the normal temperatures recorded for the region over the period of the last 20 to 30 years. There seems, therefore, no reason to believe that in other years conditions would be any less severe. On the contrary, there is good cause to expect that in more rigorous seasons extensive ice formations may cover the area much earlier in the winter.

The original concept of winter conditions in Hudson Bay was that of a wide sea of open water surrounded by a fringe of land-fast ice the width of which varied from almost nothing to more than 50 miles, depending on the depth of the off-shore waters. Along the east coast it was known that this ice stretched westward to enclose the long arc of islands extending north from the mouth of James Bay.

The aerial surveys of the last few winters however, have shown that instead of a wide expanse of open water, a vast sheet of rough, snow-drifted ice covers the entire central area and is separated from the ice along the shore by a comparatively narrow zone of open water. This zone is known as the "shore lead" and is kept open as a result of tidal action which regularly raises and lowers the floating ice-cover of the deeper areas, breaking its contact with the motionless, land-supported ice along the coast, and thus preventing the whole from freezing solidly into a single enormous sheet. As floating ice tends to be effectively driven before the wind, the width of this shore lead varies from day to day and from place to place depending on the direction, strength, and duration of the wind. The prevailing winds in this area are north and northwesterly, and as a result, the shore lead is usually widest and most persistent along the west and northwest coasts of the Bay where the winds are most frequently off-shore.

Over the vast expanse of the central ice, long sinuous cracks, commonly referred to as "leads" are constantly opening up under the stresses of wind and tide and refreezing again in the sub-zero temperatures. Early in the winter the whole surface becomes covered by hard-packed snow whose long drifts indicate the direction of the prevailing wind. In addition to the winding leads, the entire ice-cover is crisscrossed by a network of pressure ridges formed

The author lends scale, etc., to a photo of a pressure ridge in Churchill harbour, March 1949.
Moira Dunbar



by the overriding of the different sections of the ice as it breaks and shears under pressure. These ridges are estimated to vary in height between five and twenty-five feet above the general surface level of the ice.

Particularly towards the centre of the Bay, the thickness of the ice along the pressure ridges can at present only be estimated from aerial photographs; more definite knowledge would require that actual measurements be made on the spot. However, an idea of just how rough and heavy the ice of the central area must be, is suggested by the ridges and hummocks observed in more accessible locations, such as the harbour at Churchill where the effects of tide, current and wind are clearly evident.

So far as Hudson Strait is concerned the limited reconnaissance of recent years has all tended to support the conclusions of the 1928 expedition under N. B. McLean for the Dept. of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa. It would appear that the Strait never freezes solid. Although the amount of ice observed there on mid-winter flights may give as high as 95 percent to 100 percent complete coverage, much of it is, nevertheless, in the form of great cakes or floes separated from each other by narrow cracks of open water which send up their clouds of sea-smoke into the freezing atmosphere.

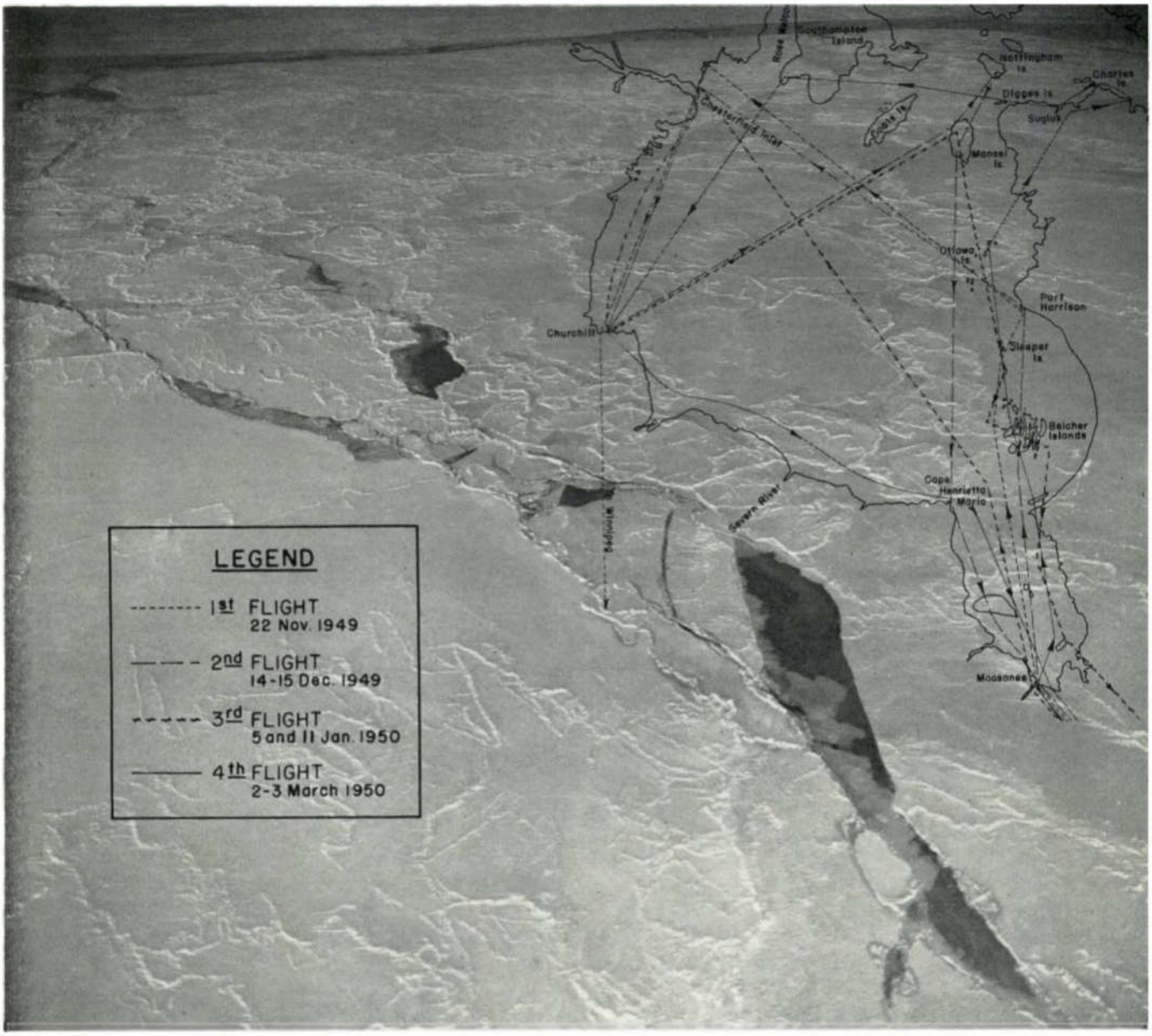
Aerial surveys of the last few years have shown definitely that Hudson Bay itself was frozen over during the winter. When this was realized it was at first expected the observations would also indicate that the ice first forms in the shallow waters around the edge and spreads gradually outwards towards the deeper areas. On the contrary, however, it was found that, except for the fringe of coastal ice itself, the ice formed earliest in the northern sections and advanced southwards at a fairly uniform rate as the cold weather intensified. In 1949, by the third week in November this continuous ice sheet stretched across the Bay along a line running approximately from Churchill on the west coast to Port Harrison on the east. If this season for which the mean temperature records were well above the average, can be considered at all representative, this would seem to disprove the claims which are periodically made that the navigation season to Europe could be extended until after Christmas. Well before that date the ice would have covered almost the entire Bay.

The last area to freeze appears to lie west and southwest of the Belcher Islands. James Bay, in spite of its shallowness, may apparently not be entirely frozen over before late December or early January, probably on account of its more southerly position. When the ice-cover does form here it tends to remain distinct from that of Hudson Bay, being separated across the mouth of James Bay by a curving zone of open water and confused ice which varies in width from time to time in a manner similar to that of the "shore lead."

The fringe of land-fast ice is widest where the coastal waters continue shallow for a considerable distance offshore. This is the case along the south coast of Hudson Bay west from Cape Henrietta Maria to beyond the mouth of the Severn River. It occurs also on the east coast between the chain of islands and the mainland, and again along the southern coast of Southampton Island at the northern limits of the Bay. The shelf is narrowest around Chesterfield Inlet and from there northward—the region which has shown the widest and most persistent stretches of open water.

All this naturally raises the question of why the earlier reports which were otherwise so reliable should have been so decidedly in error in this matter of ice cover. The answer would seem to lie in the fact that both the whalers and other travellers who wintered around the Bay usually did so in the frozen inlets along the western and northwestern coasts. Here in the grip of the shelf of land-fast ice, they spent the winter in the vicinity of the widest and most persistent section of the shore lead. In the cold, dry polar air, clouds of condensing vapour, known as "sea-smoke" form over such areas and throughout the north are accepted as the recognized indication of open water in the area. The offshore winds along the west coast carry these low clouds out towards the central region making it virtually impossible for an observer on the shores to see where the farther boundary occurs and thus giving the impression that the open water extends indefinitely across the Bay. Airmen at Churchill, while on the ground, have had the experience of seeing such sea-smoke blotting out the eastern horizon, and of finding once they were in the air that it all came from the narrow five to ten mile strip of open water of the shore lead. Beyond this the continuous ice sheet stretched eastward as far as could be seen. On the January flight in 1950, drifting sea-smoke was encountered fifty miles east of the shore lead which at that time was only seven to eight miles wide. Yet the observers' reports and the aerial photographs both make it quite clear that the rest of the Bay at that time was entirely covered by ice. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the early shore-based observations wrongly estimated the extent of the open water. There seems to have been no record of any ship having attempted to make a winter crossing of the bay—a trip which, as recent observations have shown, would have been impossible in any case, but which would never have been contemplated because all the coastal anchorages were known to be ice-bound.

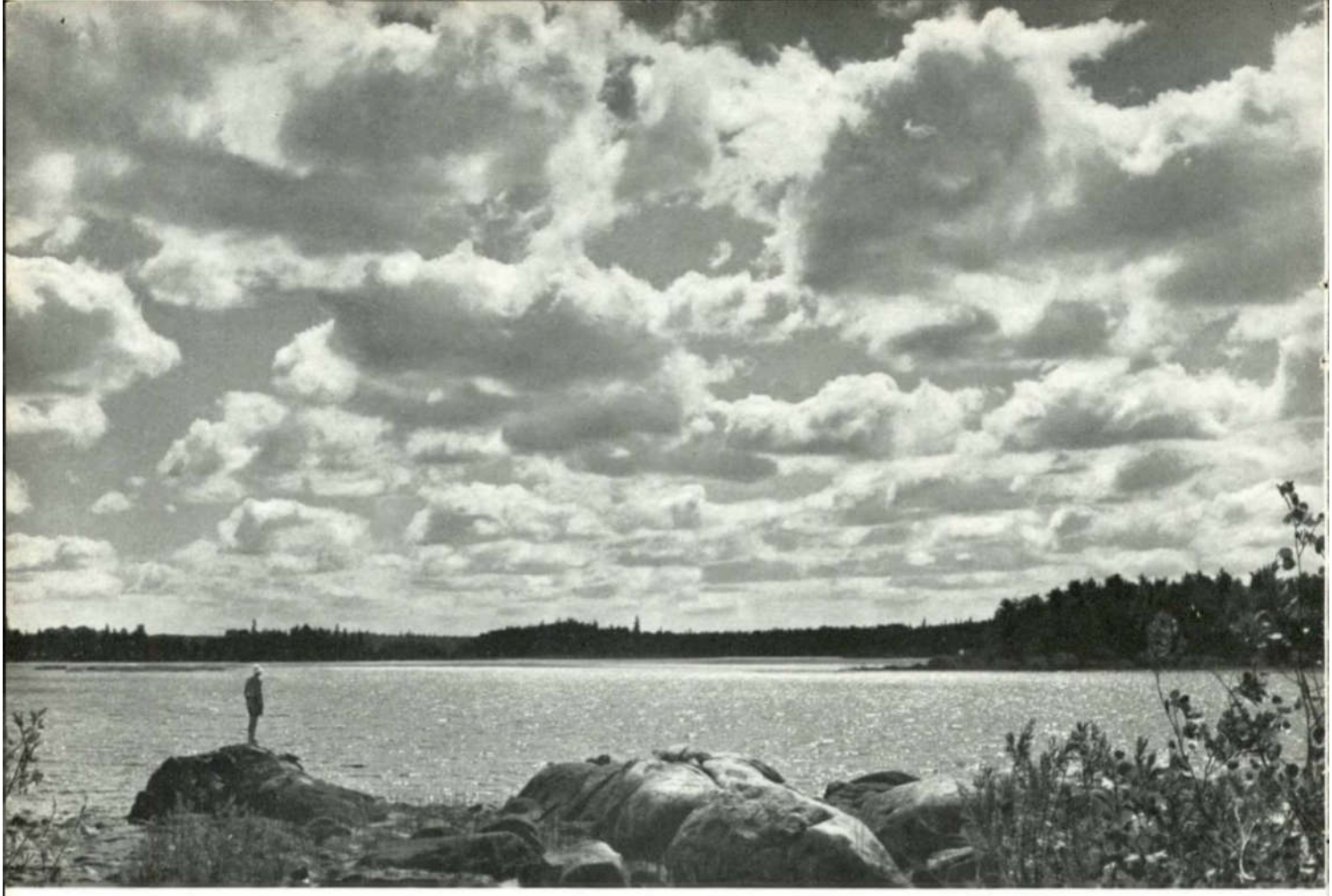
The experiences of flying over Hudson Bay under such conditions will not soon be forgotten. Most of the reconnaissance flights were made in Lancaster aircraft from whose plexiglas nose a good view could be had of conditions below. Although the pilot's compartment and the photographic section of the plane were warm enough, the nose and the central part just aft of the wireless were so cold that bottles of "coke" taken along for the trip soon burst if left there. Because of the cold everyone was equipped with full R.C.A.F. winter flying kit and in the case of the women observers, who were only 5 ft. 2 and 5 ft. 4 respectively, it was a problem to find outfits sufficiently small to come anywhere near being a good fit. In fact, the only way discovered to keep the flying boots from wobbling off was to put the right shoe on the left foot and vice-versa. The result was just a little bizarre.



Oblique view of the surface of the Bay between Port Harrison and Chesterfield Inlet, showing leads in process of re-freezing in mid-December 1949. The map shows the flight routes in the winter of 1949-50 only. R.C.A.F. and M.M.

Perhaps the most exciting experience on the flights, aside from the observations themselves, was the sighting on Mansel Island in the winter of 1949-50, of the stranded grain ship, the *Avon River* which had run aground in the storms of 1936. On another flight, the observers in the nose had the rather thrilling experience of diving from over 2,000 feet to about 200 feet to get close-up shots and height estimates of the pressure ridges off Port Harrison.

The extremely low temperatures in the north make winter flying a ticklish and, at times, unpredictable operation, and not all flights were completed as smoothly as scheduled. For two of the observers at least, the flight in March, 1949, had a memorable ending. The outbound trip from Ottawa was made successfully but on landing at Churchill engine trouble developed which delayed the return for about ten days. The two observers in question, both women, made their way back to Ottawa via the Hudson Bay Railway from Churchill and by plane east from Winnipeg. The fact that their only travelling clothes were the very welcome but definitely outsize R.C.A.F. flying suits, and their only luggage a small haversack of personal belongings, was not remarkable at Churchill where everyone knew the circumstances. But it became increasingly incongruous as the return trip proceeded. Returning from an air reconnaissance via the Hudson Bay Railway had about it something of the flavour of "walking home from a buggy ride." And by the time they reached Toronto, where there was no trace either of snow or cold weather, the situation had developed some highly amusing aspects.



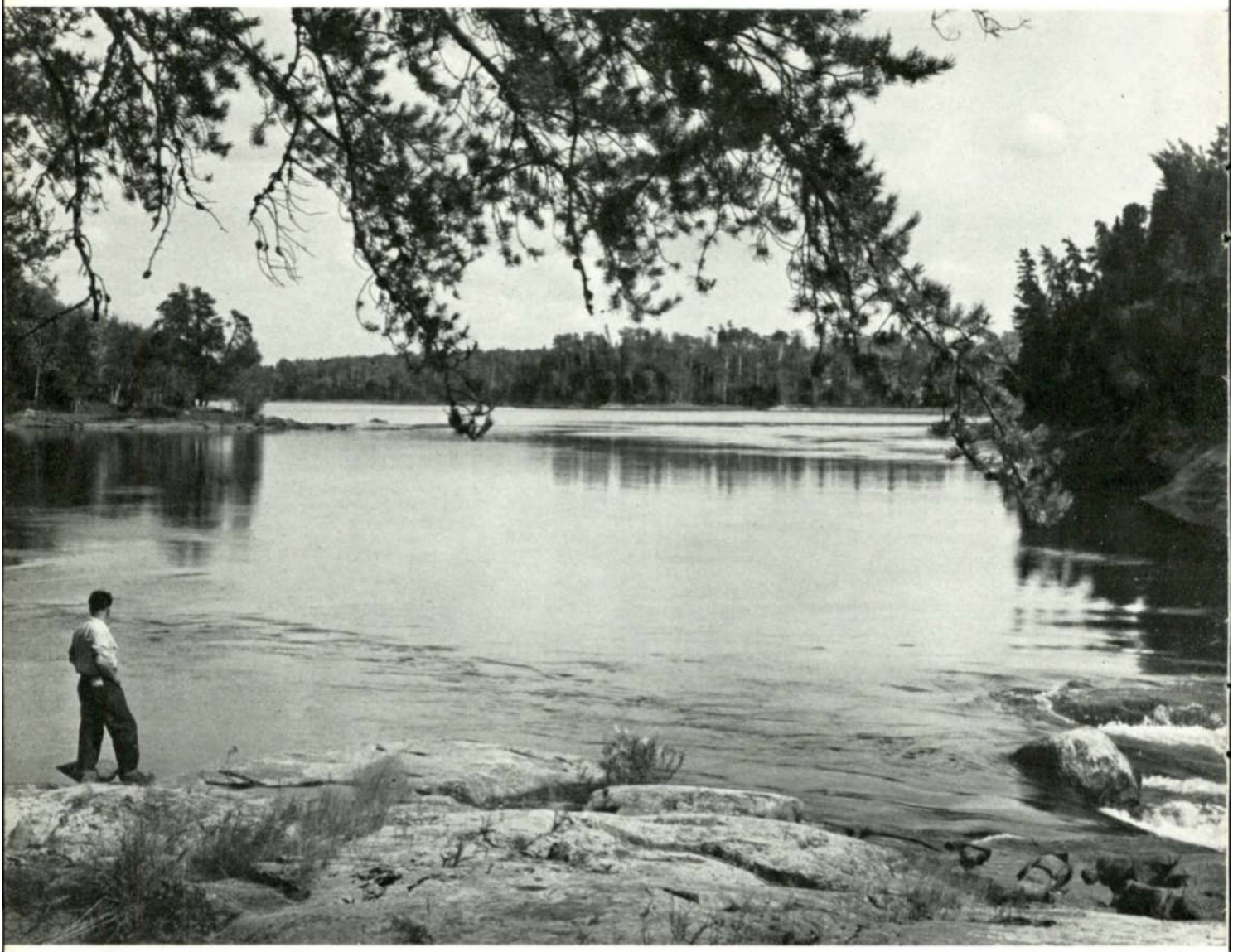
Sparkling Lake

GREEN WILDERNESS

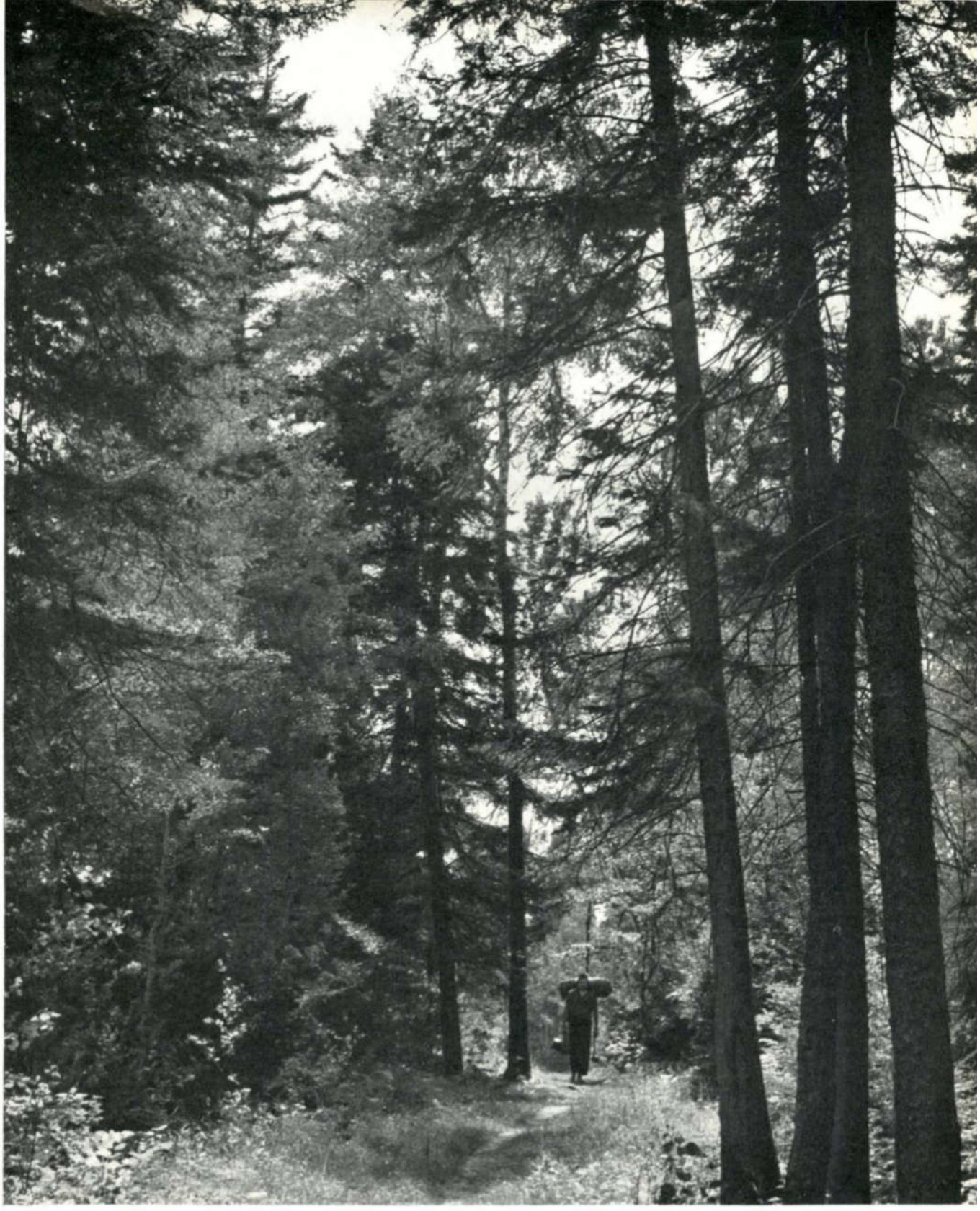
Scenes in Northern Ontario
—land of evergreen forests
and rockbound waterways

by Richard Harrington

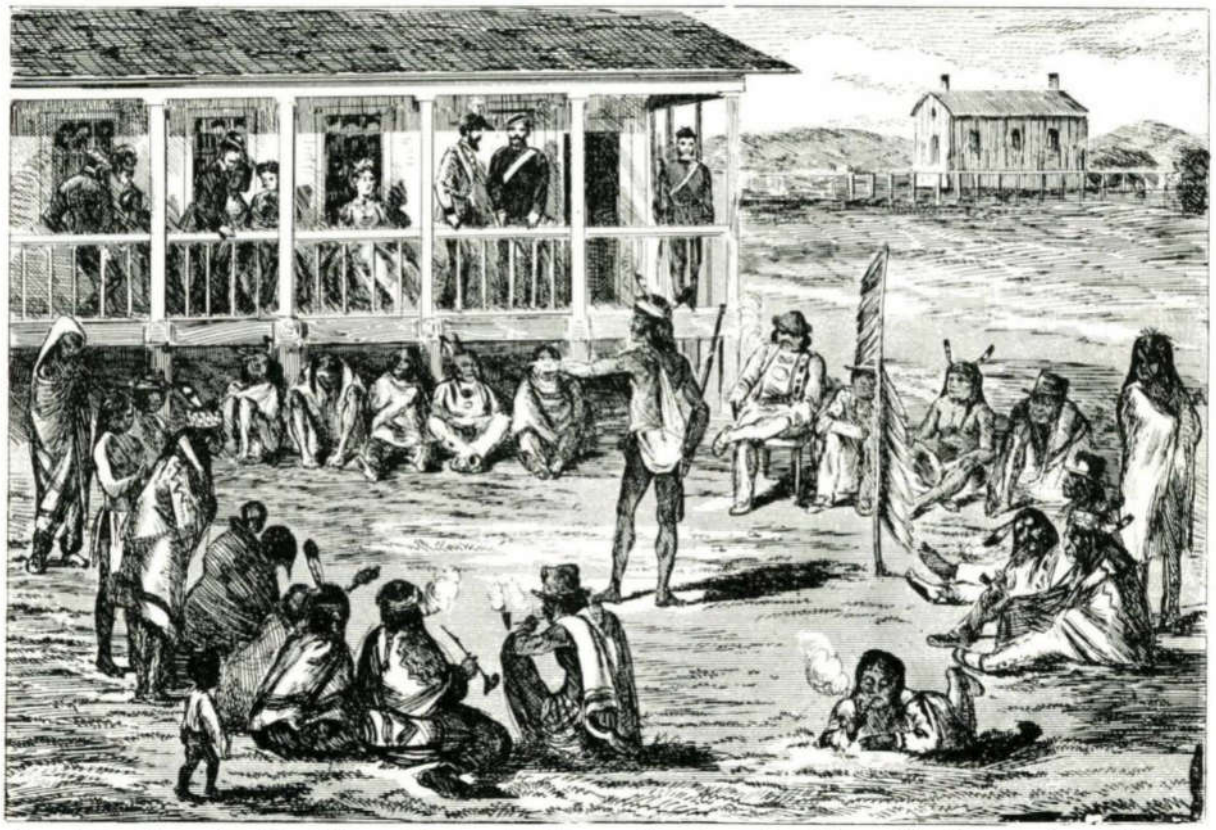
Top of the Portage



Windless River



Path through the Wilderness



One of the chiefs who signed Treaty No. 1 makes his speech at Lower Fort Garry. The Commissioner, Wemyss Simpson (with cocked hat) listens on the balcony of what is now the clubhouse. (The eastern artist has omitted the stone wall beyond the house and created some hills where none exist.)

LETTERS FROM THE WEST

by George Duck

Pictures from "Canadian Illustrated News" of 1871

The writer of these letters was the son of George Duck, a Chatham, Ontario, lawyer who was also superintendent of Common Schools for the western district of Upper Canada. George Junior was of an adventurous turn of mind, and in 1871, at the age of 24, came west to the new province of Manitoba. A few months after his arrival he joined the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Garry where he came into contact with the future governor, Lord Strathcona. Early in 1877 he was sent west to Cumberland House, but the following year he left the Company and became Dominion Land Agent at Prince Albert, N.W.T., where he remained for some years. He was wounded while serving with the troops in the 1885 Rebellion, and then appears to have returned to Winnipeg, where he died suddenly on May 27, 1887, at the age of forty.

The following extracts from his letters have been selected by Dr. Neil F. Morrison, who obtained the above information from a nephew, George M. Duck, of Windsor, Ontario.

Winnipeg,
June 25, 1871.

YOU are anxious to hear something about this famous Red River country—It is a vast prairie dotted here and there at intervals of about 10 or 15 miles with what are called Wood Islands. The soil, I believe, is one of the best, adapted for anything and everything, he yield being something enormous and in some cases almost beyond belief. 50 bushels of wheat to the acre is a very common crop. Mr. Inkster, the person with whom I am now living, tells me that last year from seven bushels of potatoes planted he dug 200.

The first thing I did upon my arrival was to take a claim of 160 acres. It is about ten miles from Winnipeg at a place called Green Bluff. I have been hard at work on it and have dug a well and put up a house upon it. The house is of very modest pretensions being about 12 x 15, built of poplar logs and not calculated to keep out very cold weather. I have sold the hay on it for 10% as hay land is scarce, the bottoms only furnishing hay. I shall pay expenses this summer.

Did you ever feel alone—but I don't think you ever did —at least I never did until I got out on the prairies alone. Not a living thing in sight, where it was so still that even your own voice startled you and the only moving thing from daylight to dark was the shadow of the sun. The feeling of oppression and utter isolation is something that can never be realized until experienced. However I suppose you get used to it in time.

I will tell you of a little event which occurred to me while out in the country with Mr. [Sheriff] Inkster some days ago. We started early in the morning and rode until about 4 o'clock. I don't think we saw three people all the time we were out. Just before we were going to camp for the night, we saw a solitary horseman about four miles off, just a speck on the horizon. Mr. Inkster rose in his stirrups and said in a very excited manner, "Good God, this country is getting full of people!" As you may suppose, this was rather too much for me and I don't think that part of the world ever heard so much language before.

Winnipeg,
July 29, 1871

I am very much pleased with the country and have now made up my mind fully to settle. I see a good deal of hard work ahead of me but think that with the prospect the country has before it I can make with attention and economy more here in ten years than I could in Canada [the Eastern Provinces] in twenty.

Since writing to you last I have been out west to the Riding Mountains. It is without exception the finest country I ever saw. In places it is heavily timbered with pine and oak, beautiful streams filled with fish and containing numerous first class water powers. There is also any quantity of game there, ducks in countless thousands, prairie chickens without number, moose plentiful and bears as thick as thieves in New York.

The Indians are now having a great time down at the Stone Fort. Mr. Simpson, the Commissioner, is here arranging with them about the disposal of the land. It is a curious sight worthy of the painter's brush, the wide rushing river its banks covered with birch canoes some painted in fantastic colours, hundreds of lodges surmounting the heights and the chiefs in "Council Assembled" listening with proverbial stolidity to the speech of some orator such as Yellow Quill, whom I heard deliver what was supposed to be the great event of the treaty.

Hardware in the shape of locks, staples, etc., has about doubled in value since their advent, and the people tie up their dogs that they think anything of as the natives are partial to sausages made on [illegible] principles.

I am enjoying my life immensely here. It certainly is the direct opposite of my former fashionable career, but it possesses many advantages that the former did not, perhaps not quite as refined but certainly healthier, mentally, morally and physically.

Winnipeg,
Sept. 10, 1871.

The only excitement we have is the occasional flying reports that O'Donahue at the head of 1500 Fenians is on his way from St. Paul to demolish us. Of course we are not afraid and the absurdity of it is only equalled by the seriousness with which it is discussed.

There is a good deal of sickness in the settlement at present, typhus fever of a very bad description.

I have had a day or two of Prairie Chicken shooting here. It is the best shooting I ever had, but I feel the want of a dog very much if only to retrieve them, as it is next thing to an impossibility to find the wounded ones.

Winnipeg,
Oct. 22, 1871.

We have not received any Canadian mails for some time on account of the great fire in Chicago. From the accounts of it that we have received here the loss both of life and of property must be terrible. The fire god must be holding high carnival not only there but nearly every place else.

Since writing you last we have had a Fenian raid though on a small scale, it was quite enough to work us up. I was on my way to town on an old cart horse when I heard they were gathering at the Fort to march and drive them back. I rode up and in about ten minutes was en route for Pembina with the H.H.B.C. Mounted Rifles, cart horse and all.

We started in the evening and made Pembina at noon next day, 70 miles just in time to be too late as the American forces had driven the foes out of the HB post that they had taken.

We, however, saw the trials of the head [men?] who of course you are aware were released. There was not much Fenian about it but the dying kick of the leaders of King Riel's government and which was frustrated by the promptness of the English speaking part of the population together with the loyal [illegible]. However, it is all over now and like the famous American Bulletin "Nobody hurt!"

My usual luck, the only thing that I made out of it was a bad cold and a face ache.

In town the other day I saw an enterprising individual with two or three barrels of apples retailing them out at a York shilling a piece and small ones at that. I didn't encourage his enterprise to any alarming extent as you can fancy.

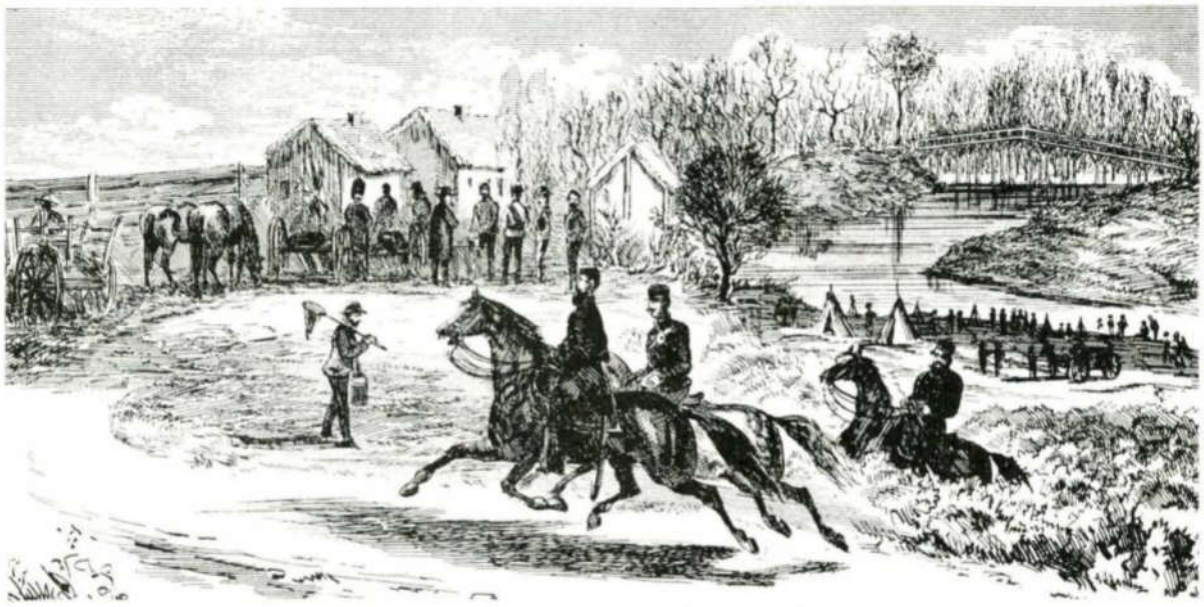
Fort Garry
Feb. 6, 1872.

Governor Smith, the 'Tycoon,' arrived here some time ago and is making all us fellows *talk turkey* for him. He has an unpleasant way of dropping in when we are all standing around the office stove and looking three or four Sebastopols at a fellow when he comes in late for breakfast. However, as far as I am concerned myself he is very gracious and as I keep out of the old buffer's sight as much as possible, I hope he will let me alone.

Fort Garry,
Feb. 27, 1872.

I received your letter of the 12th yesterday.

I send you a copy of the D.....d Old Man, as Judge [later Sir F. G.] Johnson calls the 'Manitoban' every week.



Volunteers leave Winnipeg for Fort Pembina on hearing of its capture by the Fenians.

I sent you one last mail containing an account of the Dinner given to Donald Smith (to which I was invited).

Fort Garry,
March 21, 1872.

I bought a farm at the White Horse Plain this week and what do you think I paid for it—198 acres more or less for which I gave the exorbitant price of £17 stg. for it. . . . I will hope for the best and that my land speculation will prosper.

Fort Garry,
April 6, 1872.

In all probability this outward mail will be the last we shall have for some time on account of the freshet and the bad roads. . . . We are enjoying the most delightful state of mud imaginable.

I must try and give you a faint description of a Ball at Silver Heights to which I went and which I enjoyed immensely. You need not think that we are totally uncivilized in the wilds of the far North West. On the contrary quite the reverse, I assure you. The invitation said 9 o'clock and we accordingly went there about ten. I must say that I felt like a second hand clothing store when I went and found such a gorgeous assemblage of brave women and fair men. But I plucked up my shirt collar and my courage and went in and made my bow to the hostess and drank a cup of very strong coffee by way of an invigorator and then hung round the ball room until I had worked off the effects. However, I got in at last and went in on my muscle. I found lots of good partners and don't think I ever enjoyed myself better. We arrived at the Fort on our return trip about 6 a.m. pretty well used up. However, after a bath and breakfast I went to work until noon when tired nature gave in and I spent the balance of the day on the sofa.

Fort Garry,
May 22, 1872.

McLenaghen(?) arrived here by the last boat as did Mr. and Mrs. McVicar and others from Chatham. Mc was very much pleased with his visit to you.

[*Note*—John Duck in Chatham has written to his brother George about entering the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, to which George replies in the remainder of this letter.]

It is a life totally the opposite to that which you are leading now. You must make up your mind that dress coats and linen sheets are not among the necessaries of life. But you will have good health and with reasonable prudence can save two-thirds of your salary with a reasonable prospect of something ahead.

Fort Garry,
Aug. 17, 1872.

I received your letter of the 9th this a.m. as also yours of the 2nd last Monday.

The grasshoppers are now not nearly so numerous. They have done a great deal of damage as it is but I hope not so much as it is said.

There is a game of cricket this afternoon and I have been hurrying up my work to play.

Fort Garry,
Oct. 2, 1872.

In one day (on my trip to Lake Manitoba) I shot 57 ducks, the only days shooting which I had, which together with about 30 Prairie Chickens, which I shot on the road going and coming, made my bag.

I suppose you have heard all about our little election disturbances. Mr. [F. E.] Cornish the 'Rowdy Mayor' has been keeping up his reputation here beyond a doubt.

Today was the opening day of our Provincial Exhibition. The show of vegetables was excellent.

Fort Garry,
Feb. 20, 1873.

Manitobans generally expect a lively time here in the spring. The Northern Pacific R.R. is to be finished to Pembina and the Canadian Pacific is to be in working order from that place to this by fall. What a glad sound, the shriek of the engine will be.[†] One can hardly realize the change from a plain almost like those below Chatham to a busy city paying $50,000 a year taxes as our City fathers propose that we shall do this year. It is something even ahead of our Yankee cousins. There is no doubt but there will be many fortunes made here during the next few years.

I believe there is a grand opening here for business men of all classes.

Fort Garry,
Aug. 1, 1873.

We have plenty of hot weather too but the grasshoppers have pretty well cleaned us out of our kitchen stuff.

I suppose you have heard all about the Gordon Kidnapping case. The prisoners are still confined in a British Bastile and I think are likely to remain so. The general feeling here is that it is a great pity that Lord Gordon* is not jugged as well for it is pretty well ascertained that he is a swindler and a scoundrel.

You don't know old fellow what I would give for a talk with you once more as it is, here I feel myself cut off from everything that I ever cared for and I tell you that sometimes I get so heartsick and blue that I don't know what to do with myself.

[†]The line was not finished until December 1878.
*The impostor "Lord Gordon" was arrested by two American detectives at Silver Heights, but the Manitoba authorities intercepted them before they reached the border and put the detectives in jail.

Hudson's Bay Co. Office
Fort Garry,
Sept. 2, 1873.

I suppose you see by the papers our new excitement just now. They have arrested Lepine for the murder of [Thomas] Scott. The examination is going on now in the Fort. What it will amount to is a question that different people have different ideas of. Rebellion, murder, etc., are of course the prevailing expectations, but for myself I fancy that like everything else here it will end in smoke.

Hudson's Bay Co. Office
Fort Garry,
Oct. 13, 1873.

I have just returned from Lake Manitoba where I have been for the last few days shooting. Four of us went out about sixty miles by wagon to a place called Oak Point and then sailed up the Lake as far as the Marsh[?] where we camped for a week. We had splendid weather and splendid sport.

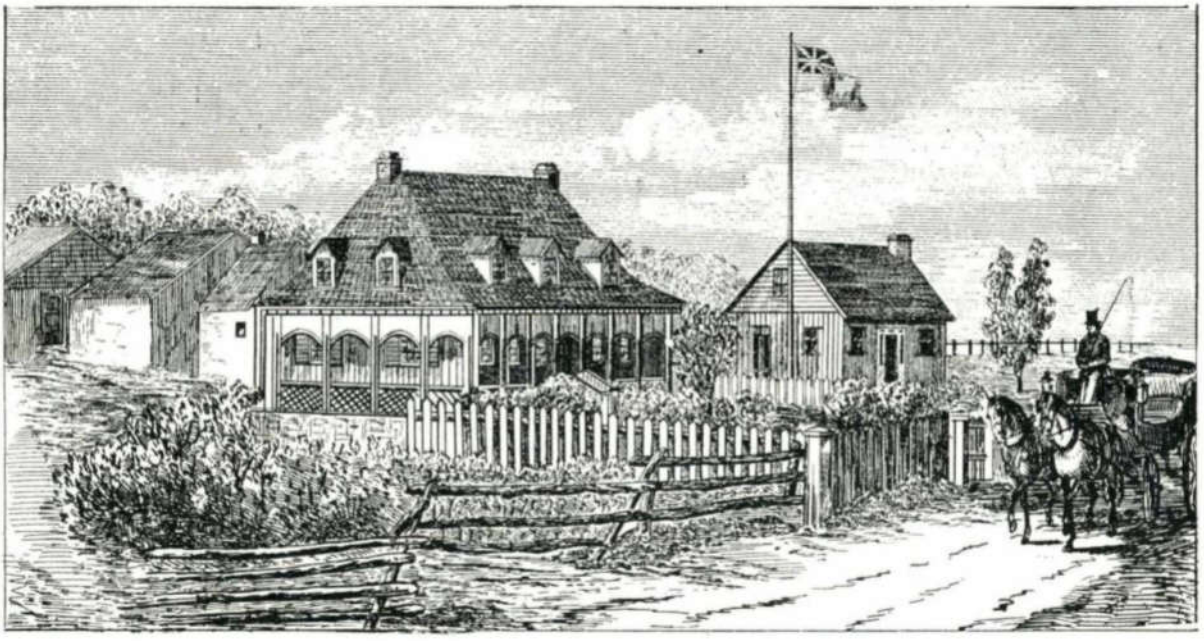
Hudson's Bay Co. Office
Fort Garry,
Nov. 12, 1873.

I went down to the Court House this morning as Lepine was arraigned for the murder of Thomas Scott. Of course, he pleaded "non coupable." The trial will likely last some time.

Winnipeg as I daresay you know is now an incorporated City and the present excitement is who is to be the bearer of the first municipal honours.

[There follows a gap of three and a half years during which time George Duck was transferred to Cumberland House, now in Saskatchewan.]

Silver Heights, residence of Lt.-Governor Archibald, about four miles west of Winnipeg, where the author attended a dance in 1872.



Cumberland [House]
March 10, 1877

I may as well tell you first that I have a good deal to do, office work principally, looking after the men, trading, keeping up the supply of grub and fire wood, (I don't have to saw it and carry it in now) and with the thousands of little things to do I never find time hang heavy or 'think long' as they say in the country, in the evening a book and even an old newspaper and then to sleep, that being a part of the business I pay particular attention to.

In a place like this it is really wonderful how the mind becomes interested and occupied by the lesser affairs of life and one listens to the history of Baptiste's dog or the sayings and doings of those who have lived here before with as much interest as you would to those of much greater importance in the world in which you live. Old traditions, old journals and old letters are a constant source of amusement, information and speculation. They lived then as we do now and the entry in the journal of fifty years ago would answer for today.

I feel that with the years I have already spent in the service I cannot do better than remain.

We have had a remarkably mild winter with very little snow, the ground is nearly bare in fact. One consequence has been that we have not had a mouthful of venison this winter. Great distress prevails among the Indians and they make this one of their thousands of Indian excuses for hanging around the fort. They are the greatest beggars going. Furs have not been very plentiful this year and the prices in the Eastern Markets still keep very low.

Prince Albert, N.W.T.
Dec. 2, 1878.

I have just received your letter of Oct. 6th.

I must describe my establishment. As you enter the front door you find yourself in the Dominion Land Office of the Saskatchewan and Peace River Districts. This imposing chamber is 14 x 17 feet, contains three chairs and an immense lot of other furniture in proportion the personal property of the government. Immediately in rear of this is the living room of the Agent. This suite of rooms is 17 x 15 feet. . . . In the rear of this again is the culinary department. My bed room is upstairs over the office furnished by myself and I just flatter myself I am about the most comfortable single man in this locality.

Prince Albert,
Sept. 18, 1879.

I have just returned from Battleford, having gone up with Mr. Dewdney, the new Comr of Indian Affairs. Besides these new land regulations have been a good deal of bother to me.

Prince Albert,
Oct. 19, 1879.

We have had a cold backward summer preventing the ripening of the grain. A good deal of the wheat has been touched by frost. Still we have had a fair harvest considering that a great portion of it was sown by newcomers with little means. We will want it all, however, as the place is overrun with American Indians who must be fed. I am afraid that they will be a great nuisance to us this winter and only hope that the Govt. will take the matter in hand. We hear that Sitting Bull is on the road here with his whole combination troupe. Just now we can only hope that it isn't true. We have formed three Rifle Companies here having received the arms from Winnipeg. If the Indians mean trouble they can laugh at us, as I dare say they do, but I hardly think that they will cause us any trouble. They are friendly and it is evidently to their interest to be our friends.

Exploring Parties of the C.P.R. have been at work this summer and I believe that it has been decided to alter the line making it cross the river somewhere near here. Of course we all approve of the change and I have no doubt that if the railway does come that we will all be millionaires. In the meantime we are all hard up, but that's nothing, living in hopes and extending our credit as far as possible.

Prince Albert
March 5, 1883.

Mr. [Charles] Mair is starting in the morning and as he has kindly told me that he would take anything down for me I send by him a few reindeer [caribou] tongues to be divided between Mrs. Mair and Flora. Tell Flora to soak them ten or twelve hours before boiling. I think that you will like them. They are considered a great delicacy.

Winnipeg,
March 13, 1886.

I am now living en famille at a private boarding house and find it much more comfortable than a hotel or the club, where one is always meeting so many men who have nothing to do. I go down to the Inksters for Sunday and go to church . . . I have met a good many of my old friends and have made the acquaintance of a great many new people.

Winnipeg is very dull just now and with the exception of an occasional game of whist for which so far I am the victim to the extent of eighteen 10c points, I have indulged in no dissipation.

Winnipeg has suffered a great loss in the death of poor Sedley Blanchard whom I knew intimately in the old days here.

[Blanchard, a barrister, had been clerk of the Executive Council. He lost heavily when the Winnipeg land boom collapsed in 1882.]

Winnipeg,
Aug. 24th,
[year not given].

We are awfully dull here for amusements as you may suppose. There was a Cricket Club formed but the Treasurer decamped with the funds so that was dropped. The libraries are not very numerous or extensive, 'Nicholas Nickleby' and 'Ingoldsby' forming with 'Dot it Down' my whole stock of literature on hand.

The "Lady Kindersley" at Vancouver before setting out for the Arctic. Stuart Thomson

LADY IN DISTRESS

by L. V. Kelly

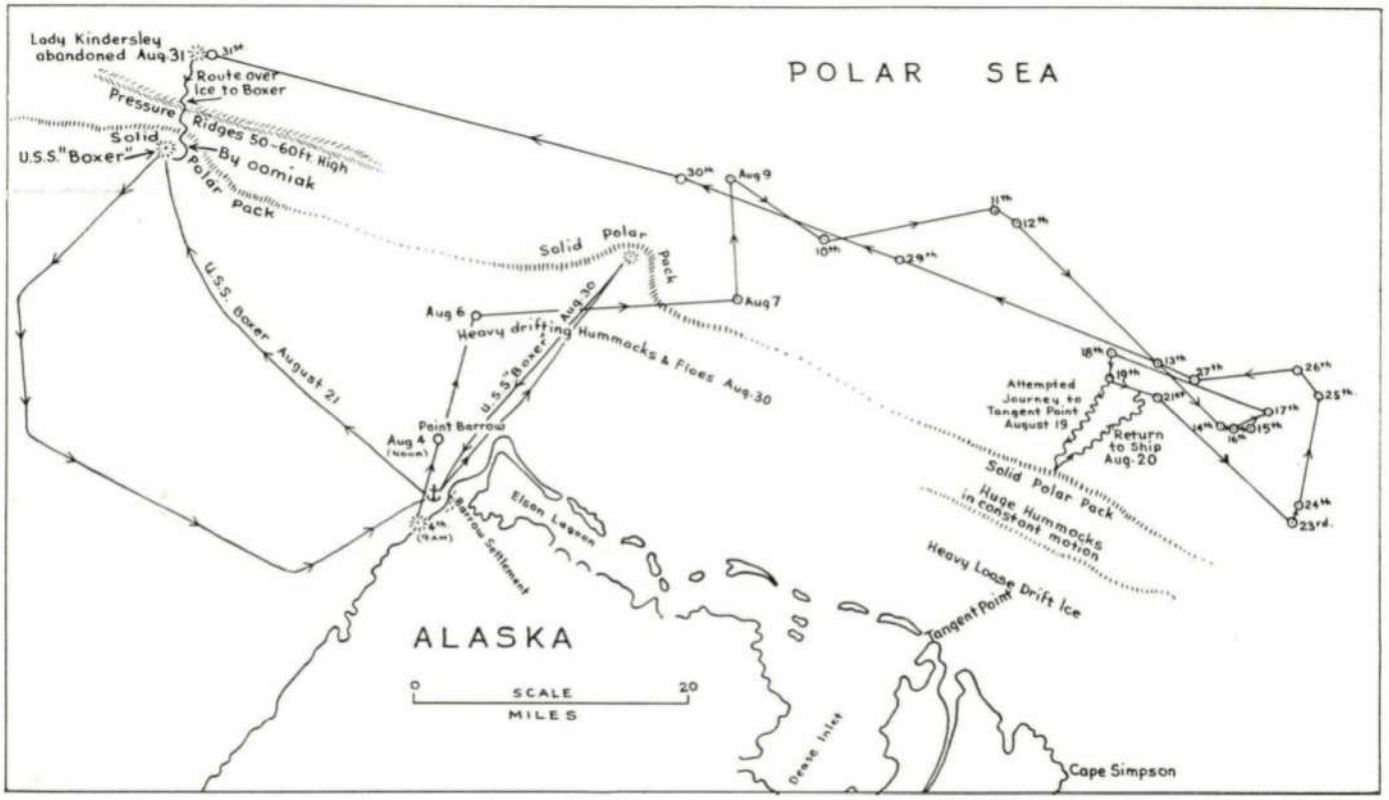
In 1924 the M.S. "Lady Kindersley" was caught and crushed in the polar pack off Point Barrow, and valiant efforts were made to rescue her crew.

EACH summer, prevailing winds open a water lane through the ageless ice pack of the Western Arctic Ocean, around Point Barrow, into more open seas to the eastward. For generations the ships of whalers, traders, and explorers have attempted and accomplished this passage; but during this same period, other whalers, traders and explorers have been foiled by the jaws of the ice fields. Many lives, and millions of dollars in ship and cargo values have been gulped down by the floes.

The ice round Barrow does not open until early July. A seasonal southeast wind puts its constant pressure on the sullen pack which has been locked to Barrow shore for ten months, and shoves it back from the land, leaving a lane of open water. Late in July or early in August the wind switches to the northwest, and the ice pack crunches back until it is again locked with Barrow. South of the cape, the ocean waters are deep, but once around the tip, the western ocean bottom is never more than 7 fathoms below the surface. There the ice fields ground, and present an impassable barrier. The summer channel is a narrow strip of open water, with the ragged Arctic pack often only a stone's throw from the port-side of the ingoing ships. On the starboard lies the bleak Arctic land. Polar bears, foxes, seals, ducks, and whales are common sights. This narrow canal continues to Demarcation Point, the northern international boundary between Alaska and the Yukon. Beyond Demarcation, where waters from the great Mackenzie River affect the ocean, there is clear water for many miles. Often in summer, for hundreds of miles, there is no ice seen.

In 1920 the Hudson's Bay Company had built, at Vancouver, a very fine auxiliary wooden schooner, which was named the *Lady Kindersley*. She was designed by the best architects, with special attention paid to meeting ice conditions. Her ribs were so close together that they presented nearly 22 inches of powerful wood—when planking and sheathing are included—to meet the attack of ice. She was sheathed in ironbark, and her bows were reinforced with thick sheets of steel. A sturdy Arctic ship, commanded by the veteran Arctic navigator Captain Gus Foellmer of Vancouver, who had under him a seasoned Arctic personnel.

In 1923 the *Lady Kindersley*, on regular passage from Vancouver, British Columbia, to the far-flung Company posts in the Western Arctic sighted no ice for 400 miles east of Herschel. Then she encountered hard, blue (live) ice and had to smash her way through, clear to Tree River. On her seasonal overhaul, when she returned from this



The zigzag line shows how the "Lady Kindersley" was carried hundreds of miles in the grip of the shifting ice. From a plan prepared by Capt. F. Walker on board the "Baychimo" in September 1924.

voyage, it was found that the thick steel shield on the ship's bows was broken and twisted and torn by the hard blue ice, but the tough ironbark wood sheathing the entire hull showed little or no wear and tear.

That year, too, a heavy southeaster swept the ice pack far out to sea and the *Lady Kindersley* could have safely stayed another month east of Barrow.

On June 27, 1924, the *Lady Kindersley*, Captain Gus Foellmer, sailed from Vancouver, with a costly cargo, including a powerful radio outfit destined for the Canadian government radio station which was to be built on Herschel Island. The stout little ship never again returned to her home fort, and a little sliver of steel can be blamed for her loss.

It is 2000 miles from Vancouver to Dutch Harbour, it is 700 miles from Dutch Harbour to Nome. It is 600 miles from Nome to Barrow. The ship's auxiliary power gave her something like seven knots sea speed, but for days, at times, she proceeded by means of her sails alone.

Two weeks after leaving Vancouver the engineers on the vessel reported engine trouble; a bearing was repeatedly burning out, and they could not locate the cause. Captain Foellmer put her under sail, and the engineers took down the engine and made adjustments and repairs. A day was lost on this work, then power was resumed. It lasted but one day, and the heating returned. A week was spent, overhauling, and then a test run showed that the power plant was still heating. Another 24-hours stint for the engineers, and they found a loose pin, the "little fateful sliver of metal." The ship was eleven days behind her schedule, and ice was reported bad at Barrow.

On the second day of August the ship, after having entered ice some hours before, arrived safely at Barrow station, on the westward side of the cape, and found the American schooner *Arctic* also there. The *Lady Kindersley* was moored to the shore ice, and on August 3 started forward again, but was baulked by ice and adverse winds. So, when night came, Captain Foellmer again tied up to the shore ice, to prevent his ship being carried away by moving ice and the currents.

Supercargo Percy Patmore, and Second Mate Clifford Smith went ashore to the station to buy reindeer meat and to hire Eskimos for working cargo. There was a very dense fog. All night long, the foghorn on the *Lady Kindersley* blared, to guide the two men back to their floating home. They did not come. In the morning a native came across the ice to the *Lady Kindersley*. He reported that the shore ice had broken away, and that the ship was now moored to a floating ice field. He had crossed the water, between shore and field, in his kyak, and he hurried back to it, and paddled fast to terra firma. Captain Foellmer cast off his lines, and got under weigh. Then it was discovered that ice pressure had damaged the rudder to such an extent that it was effective only in turning to port. Master, officers and crew hastened to rig an emergency steering gear, but by the time it was ready, the floating field had locked with the Arctic pack, and the *Lady Kindersley* was immovably fixed in the reunited masses of floes and hummocks.

This was August 4. For twenty-eight days the *Lady Kindersley* and her men fought the ice.

Meanwhile, the American schooner *Arctic* with Patmore on board was also carried out by the shift of the shore ice,

and was crushed within a few hours. All of her officers and crew escaped safely. Her wireless operator had saved his emergency set, and Patmore engaged him. Within two days, through this effective initiative of the supercargo, there was constant wireless contact between the *Kindersley* and the shore. Patmore also engaged a crew of Eskimos, with a large skin boat, or *oomiak*, to stand ready to go to the rescue of the *Lady Kindersley* crew, in case it was necessary; and he also chartered an American vessel, the *Teddy Bear*, in which he went looking for the *Kindersley*.

The imprisoned ship lay tight in her icy berth, the winds shoved the ice-field hither and yon. Every moment that the propeller was clear, the engine was running, in an effort to smash through to open water. The ice hung close, it piled up alongside, it crawled under the keel, it heaved the ship so high that the propeller was out of water and useless. The crew took to ice-saws, chisels and axes, they mined and blasted with powder. Anything to make a basin long and deep enough to permit the screw to grip, and the ship to get a run at the ice. They even experimented with a string of mines made up of drums of gasoline.

From the moment the ship left Vancouver she had remained in wireless contact with C. H. French, chief fur trade representative of the Company in British Columbia. Daily he was advised of progress, and of details of the voyage and weather, of the mechanical troubles, and the plans of the master. When the *Lady Kindersley* passed out of radio contact with Vancouver, her messages were relayed through other ships at sea, or via land stations.

So it was that Company headquarters in both London and Winnipeg were fully aware of the difficult position in which the *Kindersley* lay. On August 16 Mr. French received a message which read in part: "Ice tightly packed around ship freezing drifting eastward if no change Monday [18th] shall abandon." Back he wired: "If lives endangered abandon ship . . . *Baychimo* [H B C steamer] clears Comox noon desirable you hang on if possible until her arrival."

It was a forlorn hope, for it would be weeks before the plodding *Baychimo* would reach the scene of disaster.

Help, however, was on the way. The U.S. Bureau of Education's steamer *Boxer* came into the area on August 19, anchored two miles east of Barrow, and signified through her wireless that she was there, ready at call, to do her best to aid and rescue. By the same means, Patmore radioed Foellmer that he would be ready at Tangent Point, some forty miles to the east, with two motor launches, to take off the crew when they came across the ice. One launch was generously lent for the occasion by Capt. Whitlam, the master of the *Boxer*, but the other had to be chartered at Barrow. Two men from the wrecked *Arctic* volunteered to run the launches, and some Eskimos with their skin boat were engaged at Barrow.

Preparing to make the first trek across the ice, towards Tangent Point on August 19.

After a very rough trip through the lagoon, behind the row of sand spits that extend east from Point Barrow, the launches arrived at Tangent Point at mid-day on the 20th. Making out to sea that afternoon to look for the shipwrecked men, they came to a field of huge pans of blue ice, slowly circling, which blocked the seaward view. Between two of these pans, towering twenty to thirty feet into the air, they followed a narrow lead, and placing a watchman to warn them if the lead began to close upon the launch, Patmore and some of his men made their way across the ice.

"Continuing along the edge," writes Patmore, "we were stopped by a shout and the blowing of the fog horn. We quickly ran back to the launch scrambled in and got under way, arriving at the mouth of the lead with just enough room to get the launch through. Phew!"

They then circled the high pans "in case the crew of the *Lady Kindersley* were on the drift and might be behind one of the pans, in which event it would have been quite easy to pass quite close to them and not see them, nor they us—notwithstanding the continual sounding of the fog horn and firing of guns, as the vast and terrible surroundings seemed to throttle any puny sound we could make."

Meanwhile, on the 19th, the men on the *Kindersley* had abandoned their ship and walked seven of the twenty-six miles that lay between them and Tangent Point. Stopped by a field of moving ice, they waited for five hours in hopes of seeing their would-be rescuers. But it was all in vain, and sadly they returned to their doomed vessel.

Patmore did not learn of this until two days later, when he returned to the *Boxer* at Point Barrow. On the 23rd he went back to Tangent Point with a radio and there he stayed with his men, watching and listening and waiting, for five long days. Then the ice began to move in on the point, and pile up along the shore, and he saw that further rescue operations would have to be carried out from the *Boxer*. The camp was broken up, and all moved back to Point Barrow, arriving there on the 29th.

Meanwhile, much had been happening, both up there and "outside," in a great concerted effort to save the shipwrecked seamen.

Efforts to release the *Lady Kindersley* were redoubled. Her great ribs were starting, her steel bow shield was torn and bent, her ironbark sheathing was shredding under the constant gnawing of the ice. Steadily and constantly, the crew worked. They got their ship in water again, they finally had her afloat, in a basin that was only inches wider than her beam, and a few feet longer than her keel. Steadily they backed and rammed, backed and rammed. The poor suffering hull groaned and creaked, and tried. After hours of work the basin had been lengthened only twenty feet, and the ship's bows were battered and splintered.

It was a desperate situation, and in this extremity Captain Foellmer decided to call for the most modern means of rescue—which under the circumstances appeared to be the only means. "Consider ship and cargo lost," he radioed on the 21st. "The only way to get crew saved is by aeroplane. We can make landing places around ship. Point Barrow and Wainwright both good fly off."

French, in forwarding this message to Winnipeg, added: "Should you think aeroplane should be sent ask Air Force at Ottawa to send plane from Jericho on board cruiser [destroyer] *Patrician* to Prince Rupert where pilot is available then catch *Baychimo* at Dutch Harbour. *Patrician* steaming radius only eight hundred miles at thirty miles per hour therefore Rupert, Sitka, and Dutch Harbour can be used as fueling stations."

Up to this point, the officials at Hudson's Bay House in Winnipeg had been concerned mainly with the possible loss of the ship and the cargo. But now they saw that something much more important was at stake—the lives of the crew. Everything possible must be done to save them, and from then on, the wires hummed with urgent messages.

Edward Fitzgerald, deputy-chairman of the Canadian Committee, the top executive officer of the Company in Canada, took the affair in hand. On August 25, following French's suggestion, he wired the Air Board in Ottawa, pointing out that the *Baychimo* could make only 200 miles a day, and had only cleared Queen Charlotte Sound on the 18th. Then he telegraphed Major General Patrick, chief of the Air Service of the War Department in Washington, asking if he had any aircraft available in Alaska which could be sent to help the marooned crew; and he also asked the U.S. Secretary of the Navy "if immediate action could be taken to direct vessels now in Alaskan waters to endeavour afford practical assistance, and . . . save lives men in jeopardy."

Next he wired the Governor of Alaska asking him to kindly arrange for the officer in charge of the St. Paul wireless station to maintain radio communication with the stricken ship. Governor Bone replied at once offering "every possible assistance." At the same time the superintendent of the Alaska Bureau of Education instructed the *Boxer* to stand by until the arrival of the *Baychimo*.

The Air Board's reply, received the same day, stated that no aircraft of the necessary type was available within reach of Point Barrow, so French was instructed to make contact with Major Godfrey of Jericho Beach airdrome at Vancouver, and Commander Beard of Esquimalt naval base near Victoria.

Next day, the U.S. Secretary of the Navy telegraphed that there were unfortunately no naval or Coast Guard vessels near Point Barrow to aid in the rescue. The *Boxer*, however, was being instructed to take aboard the crew of

Getting ready to abandon ship on August 31. Though the vessel was on an even keel, she was badly damaged below the water line and making nine inches of water a day in her hold. Inset: Capt. Foellmer, and the medal presented to rescuers.

the *Kindersley* as soon as they could be rescued, and transfer them to Nome. Fitzgerald then wired the Prime Minister of Canada, asking his help in obtaining the use of the destroyer *Patrician* together with an aeroplane. And back came a reply from Mr. King, saying that he had put the matter into the hands of the Department of National Defence.

The following day, August 27, the Deputy Minister of National Defence in Ottawa wired Winnipeg that "it is not practicable to send destroyer *Patrician* to Arctic Seas. Vessel would need to replenish with oil fuel which is not available in that district. Vessel is also rather light for icy seas. Officers of the Air Force report there is little likelihood of being able to effect a safe landing in the vicinity of the *Lady Kindersley* owing to the roughness of the ice and probable absence of open water free from ice blocks." However, he was prepared to send a seaplane on a relief ship from Vancouver, if the Company supplied the ship.

On receipt of this message, Winnipeg at once instructed French to interview the O.C. at Jericho Beach and ask him if the plane could be put aboard the seagoing steam tug *Nitnat* which would be chartered for the occasion. French replied that Major Godfrey was not favourably disposed to the use of the *Nitnat* and still maintained that the *Patrician*, which had twice the speed of the tug, should be sent north with the plane on board. The Company, however, went ahead with plans for chartering the *Nitnat* or the *Commodore*, another seagoing tug but not equipped with wireless. And from Winnipeg, Charles V. Sale, Deputy Governor of the Company, arrived in Ottawa to lend assistance in that quarter.

On the 29th, Ottawa sent instructions to the Vancouver airbase to ship a seaplane with personnel and supplies on a wireless equipped vessel to be provided by the Company, which was also to insure the plane for $30,000. Commander Beard of Esquimalt then inspected the *Nitnat* and decided she was suitable for carrying the plane north. Arrangements were accordingly made for her to sail on Tuesday, September 2.

On the last day of August, the Deputy Governor wired the *Kindersley* from Ottawa: "Have personally interviewed Government authorities especially regarding aeroplane. Whilst every effort will be made the experienced technical officers consider success very unlikely owing to extremely fragile nature of machine and difficulty of landing on ice. In any case could only rescue two at a time. In those circumstances you must consider every other possible means."

But the means had already been decided upon. During the night of August 30, the ice field swung as though on a pivot, and the *Lady Kindersley*, which on the evening before had been at least in visual reach of open and safe waters, was now facing the North Pole and a whole continent of ice. By this time the ship was east of Point Barrow drifting northwest at a rate of over one knot. The situation was hopeless, and Captain Foellmer, at 7 a.m. on Sunday, August 31, asked the *Boxer* to come and get them.

She sailed at once, carrying in addition to her own hardy crew, the Eskimos with their skin boat and sled under Patmore and Smith. Through tossing masses of broken ice, on a constantly narrowing lane of water, the *Boxer* pushed her courageous way for five hours. Then her master reluctantly decided he had stretched his hazard as far as he dared. In this decision he was encouraged by the Arctic-wise Patmore, who fully realized the perils that surrounded them. Patmore persuaded the *Boxer's* master to wireless the men of the *Lady Kindersley* to abandon ship and head for the rescue vessel. The *Boxer* was stopped seven miles from the doomed vessel and the latter's crew could see her masts against the sky. Between the two vessels lay an expanse of ice sheets, broken and small bergs, and open leads of water that were constantly changing.

Abandoning everything except the clothing they wore, the *Kindersley's* men left the battered ship and started the long trail across the groaning, heaving ice field to the comparative safety of the rescue craft. Meantime, Patmore, Smith and their six Eskimos left the *Boxer*, and set out to meet them. Both parties were hindered by treacherous ice, deep holes, ice cliffs, and little lanes. One mile from the *Boxer*, the *Kindersley's* men came to open water, which they had no means of crossing. It looked like the end of their efforts at least. But there were Patmore, and Smith, and the Eskimos with the skin boat and sled, waiting and smiling. And not too far away, the *Boxer* loomed.

Hardly had the big skin boat touched the side of the *Boxer*, and all hands were on deck, when the rescue vessel was under weigh, hastening to escape the clamping jaws that had seized the *Lady Kindersley* and now were closing down on her. Five hours she fought the ice before she made the 12 miles to the comparative safety of the cove at Barrow station.

From the time she was caught, the *Lady Kindersley* was carried over many miles of a zig-zag course. For days, after the ship was abandoned, the wind continued steady from the east-southeast, and the speed of the drift at the time of the men's departure was one and one-eighth knots. So it would not be long, it was conjectured, before she would be off the north Siberian coast, if she had not already been chewed up and powdered by tumbling ice long before that.

The two mates of the *Lady Kindersley*, together with a portion of the crew, were landed at Cape Prince of Wales, and then transferred to a vessel which took them to Nome, where they boarded the American passenger liner *Victoria* for Seattle. Then on to Vancouver.

Balance of the lost ship's personnel returned home on the Company's steamer *Baychimo*, arriving a few days after the other portion of the crew had already reached the home port.

Foellmer and his officers and crew on the boat were of course warmly commended for their courageous fight, while Patmore and Smith were praised for their intelligent and tireless initiative in arranging means of assistance from shore. Both the public and the Company united in these commendations, and special medals were struck and awarded to all who participated in the rescue.

SEVEN ISLANDS, P.Q.

In its 300th year, this village on the broad St. Lawrence takes a new lease on life as the tidewater terminus of the Labrador railway.

by J. A. Burgesse

HAD Sylvestre McKenzie been a hero of fiction he would, without a doubt, have stumbled, wild-eyed, unkempt and weary, through the doorway of the post to deliver his precious burden into the hands of a hirsute Factor. Sylvestre, however, had no idea that he was a romantic figure, that this was a very special occasion, or that a task which he had accomplished year by year for a generation was out of the ordinary. Consequently, before going near the post he went off to his own cabin on the reserve and spruced up. When he did show up he was most respectably attired in the usual summer uniform of his kind—blue suit, black hat and black tie—and only his wind tanned features and uncropped hair told that but lately had he arrived from the woods.

The bundle which he dropped on the counter of the trading room didn't contain furs, but *mishinaigan* for the Big Boss in Montreal. That neat, cotton-enswathed parcel was the last Winter Packet to come out of Fort Chimo, seven hundred miles to the north, and the half breed had carried it up the Koksoak and Kaniapiskau, by Fort McKenzie where his brother Sébastien held sway, over the height of land and down the Moisie River, to surrender it to a youthful, shaveling apprentice clerk at Seven Islands, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

And so, that spring day in the early nineteen hundreds, an era closed. The Fur Trade, at last, had forsaken the voyageur, the canoe and snowshoe, and turned to the aeroplane and short-wave radio which the quickened tempo of a modern age demands.

It was an era which opened many years before, when a Malouin sailor, Jacques Cartier by name, explored a newfound bay. "On Thursday [August 19, 1535]," relates his journal, "we came to seven very high islands, which we named the 'Round Islands.' They lie some forty leagues from the south shore, and stretch out into the gulf to a distance of three or four leagues. Opposite to them commences a low shore covered with trees, which we coasted with our longboats on the Friday. . . . At the end of this low shore . . . is a fresh water river [Moisie] which enters the gulf with such force that at a distance of more than a league from the shore, the water is as fresh as spring water. . . . And when we had made certain that we had examined the whole coast we returned to our ships, which were at the above mentioned Seven Islands, where there are good harbours with eighteen and twenty fathoms and sandy bottom."

PAST. The Hudson's Bay post at Seven Islands is the successor to a long line of fur trade forts going back to the 17th century.

Cartier forgot to describe the magnificent bay, sweeping seven leagues around a rough circle from Pointe à la Chasse to Pointe aux Basques, in which a fleet of men o'war could ride at anchor, snug in the lee of the islands, safe from the breakers outside where so many trim ships have foundered over the years. He told of the gamboling seals, but perhaps he did not see the brant, the grey geese and ducks of every species which linger awhile in thousands before winging their way north to Ungava and Henry Hudson's Bay. "Round Islands," the name he gave it, did not endure and to succeeding generations the bay has been "Sept Iles," though there are, in fact, but six islands —Great and Little Basque, the two Boules, Manowin and Caroussel, the latter so-called for a proud King's ship which piled upon its rocky shore in 1693.

Cartier did not linger, but other men came after him and garnered a splendid harvest in Seven Islands Bay. They came ostensibly to fish, those sturdy Breton sailors from St. Malo, and proud Basques from Bayonne and beyond, but soon they met the red men and returned to France with something richer under hatches than stinking cod and ling.

Like Tadoussac up the St. Lawrence Seven Islands was a rendez-vous for hunters come down from the northern woods. Here each spring the laughing Papinachois, whom we now know as Montagnais, assembled from the Ste. Marguerite to meet their cousins, the timid Mamios or Naskapi, whose highway was the Moisie. Together they hunted the seal and speared salmon, and gladly exchanged their beaver robes and silky marten for the wondrous metals and trinkets of the strangers from beyond the seas.

For nigh three-quarters of a century the fishermen had the St. Lawrence to themselves; but they made no settlement on land, and were content to keep to shipboard, arriving in the spring and returning to France before ice barred the water ways. Their unlicensed trade, however, could not endure in an age of monopolies, and before the close of the sixteenth century an era of exclusive trading privileges had begun. Tadoussac became the great fur mart of New France and free traders were suppressed with a heavy hand. Fifty years were required, nevertheless, to consolidate the trade; fifty years of bickering, of success and failure, interrupted for a time by the mad adventure of the Kirkes, when the St. George's cross ousted the lily banner of France from the rock of Quebec.

By 1651 the trade of Tadoussac was well established and had begun to expand. This was the year, just three centuries ago, when the recorded history of Seven Islands began. In the spring, Father Jean Dequen, the Jesuit explorer-missionary who, four years previously, had discovered Lake St. John, set forth from Tadoussac to visit a people called Oumamiouek (Mamios) whom he believed to be related to the Esquimaux. They were in fact Naskapi, and he found them at Pointe à la Croix near the mouth of Seven Islands Bay, where he established the Mission of the Guardian Angel. He related how these Mamios were a timid, fearful people who inhabited the far interior, a bleak inhospitable country better suited to moose, bear and beaver than to human beings. They had some knowledge of European goods which they obtained by trading with the Papinachois, but were themselves disinclined to venture far, from fear of the Indians of Gaspé who made frequent incursions to their country, carrying away prisoners to serve as slaves.

After the initial visit, the missionaries came into the region annually, and the fur-traders were not far behind. No permanent establishment, however, was made for some years and it is probable that, to begin with, a trading party went down with the missionary, returning to Tadoussac after a few days. Seven Islands was listed nevertheless as a fur trade post in a lease granted to the Sieur Demaure by La Compagnie des Habitants, farmers of the exclusive trading privileges, in 1658. The first post, or trading station, was seemingly at Pointe à la Croix. Later it was moved into the bay and occupied a site at the mouth of a small river which traders of a more recent age knew as Old Fort River.

The *Domaine du Roi*, or King's Domain, embraced all the country north of the St. Lawrence, from the Saguenay east to Cape Cormorant, some leagues below Seven Islands. After the dissolution of *La Compagnie des Indes Occidentales*, one of the holders of the monopoly of trade in New France, this area was detached from the rest of the colony and administered by the French Crown. The boundaries were vague, and the merchants who leased it from the king had trouble in enforcing their rights around the perimeter. Seven Islands, for instance, was disputed territory and its status often doubtful. It was within the limits of the Domain, but it is not clear that its post was always a King's Post. The Comte de Frontenac, in a letter dated October 23, 1693, states that Louis Jolliet, the explorer, had suffered considerable losses during the previous three years and that two English vessels, doubtless from Phips' fleet, had burned his buildings at Mingan and Seven Islands. In 1696, Jolliet discovered Ashuanipi, a lake at the head of the Moisie River, and there established a post, thus cutting off the Naskapi Indians from Seven Islands. His example was followed by the lessees of the Domain.

During the war which culminated in the cession of Canada to England all the posts and fishing stations suffered considerably from the depredations of the English fleet, which commanded the St. Lawrence. Racine, the factor of Seven Islands, was a little smarter than his fellows and, instead of waiting to be attacked, he took to the woods with his furs and hid them in a cache prepared for the purpose. When the raiding party landed at the post the cupboard was bare and the marines had to content themselves with burning the buildings. After the fall of Quebec, this same Racine went back to his post with instructions from General Murray to rebuild it and carry on the trade.

Thanks to the efforts of Father Cocquart, the missionary, the Indians of the King's Domain suffered little from the war. As soon as the news of the capitulation filtered down the coast, the Jesuit hurried to Murray and persuaded him to send outfits to all the posts and so, for the next

few years, the General found himself in the Fur Trade. The change of allegiance, in fact, brought no modification of policy affecting the King's Posts and for a century thereafter they were operated by the English Crown in the same manner as previously. The first lessees under the new regime were Dunn, Grey and Company who occupied the posts until 1786. In that year an inventory was taken of all the establishments of the Domain, and from it we learn that the post at Seven Islands consisted of a solid dwelling house, dry goods store, provision store, cooper's shop, stable, oil cellar, canoe shed and wharf.

James McKenzie, of the North West Company, visited Seven Islands in 1808 and wrote: "The point on which the houses . . . placed in a cluster, without order or method, as if they had dropped from the clouds . . . are built is low, sandy and covered with the usual uniform of His Majesty's Posts, brushwood and stunted spruce. The Seven Islands, stretching in the form of a crescent about a league along this point, defend it like a line of battle ships from the ravages of the waves, and form one of the best harbours on the coast."

At their amalgamation with the North West Company in 1821, the Hudson's Bay Company occupied Seven Islands, and the other posts of the Domain, in virtue of the Nor'westers' lease, but when this expired in the following year the post passed into other hands. The new lessees were a thorn in the side of the Old Company until Governor George Simpson succeeded in coming to an agreement, nine years later, for the purchase of their lease.

In 1842 this lease expired, and when a new one was negotiated with the Crown the exclusive trading privileges clause was dropped. By 1859 it became apparent that possession of the King's Posts without exclusive trading rights was no advantage, and the Hudson's Bay Company surrendered their lease. Seven Islands was abandoned, but a new post, for which no lease was necessary, was opened there by the Company about 1870. Since that date Seven Islands has been in operation continuously. Today, as in the past, it serves the Montagnais and Naskapi Indians who still spend the long winter months in the far interior and, in the spring, come down the Ste. Marguerite and the Moisie to summer at a common reserve on Boule Bay, a few miles below Seven Islands.

For centuries the only whites to be found in the Seven Islands neighbourhood were traders and missionaries, but gradually a few Acadians drifted in from the Magdalen Islands. They were fisher-folk who scraped a meagre living from the gulf, supplemented by winter trapping. To these were added a number of French-speaking Channel Islanders, men from Jersey and Guernsey, who came to Canada with the great fish companies, and remained. The opening of a pulp mill at the mouth of the Ste. Marguerite, and the growth of the little community of Clarke City across the bay, changed the economic structure completely. It gave an impetus to the population and freed the fishermen from economic bondage. A weekly wage dispelled the grim spectre of starvation for many families, and even the die-hards, who preferred the clean air of summer on the gulf

PRESENT. Seven Islands village as it appears today, with the temporary wharf in the foreground. Hollinger-North Shore.

to the foetid atmosphere of a grinder room, could make a winter's stake in the lumber camps.

Communications, however, did not catch up immediately with progress. For years Seven Islands was little better than isolated during the grim, winter months. There was, to be sure, the government telegraph line to Quebec, but the only means of transportation were the komatik and the peculiar, high prowed boats which brought down the mail. Twice a month the old, decrepit *Sable I* wheezed her way along the coast from Pointe au Pic, often thrusting through ice, and invariably behind schedule, her hold and deck-space jammed with needed supplies. She could rarely get into Seven Islands Bay in mid-winter and so lay off Point Noire, where the waves broke over the *remparts*. Woe betide their drivers if, when she nosed into the pack ice, the komatiks were not on hand to meet her. Her captain could turn a phrase or two in no mean fashion.

If that year in which Sylvestre McKenzie brought out the last winter packet from Fort Chimo saw the close of one era, it marked the opening of another in which the world discovered Seven Islands' iron. That that useful metal was to be found in their neighbourhood was not news to the residents. As long ago as 1896, A. P. Low followed the Indian trail through the Labrador Trough and found haematite in fabulous profusion. The lode, however, was far away, and means of reaching it difficult. There was little need to trouble about Ungava ore when the Mesabi Range, so rich, was close at hand. A few adventurous souls did try to work an iron mine at Moisie, but were soon discouraged and went away.

It was fear—fear that the famed Mesabi mines had passed their peak—which caused the iron founders to remember Low's report. They dusted it off, and having

read it wondered if Low had written truly. That is why, as Sylvestre McKenzie swung downstream with his precious burden, he saw 'planes winging north into the Barrens with iron seekers on a mission. War came and for a time men turned to a more urgent, vital task; but when the world returned to an uneasy peace it learned that Low had not erred, that the ore was there in millions of tons, and of excellent quality.

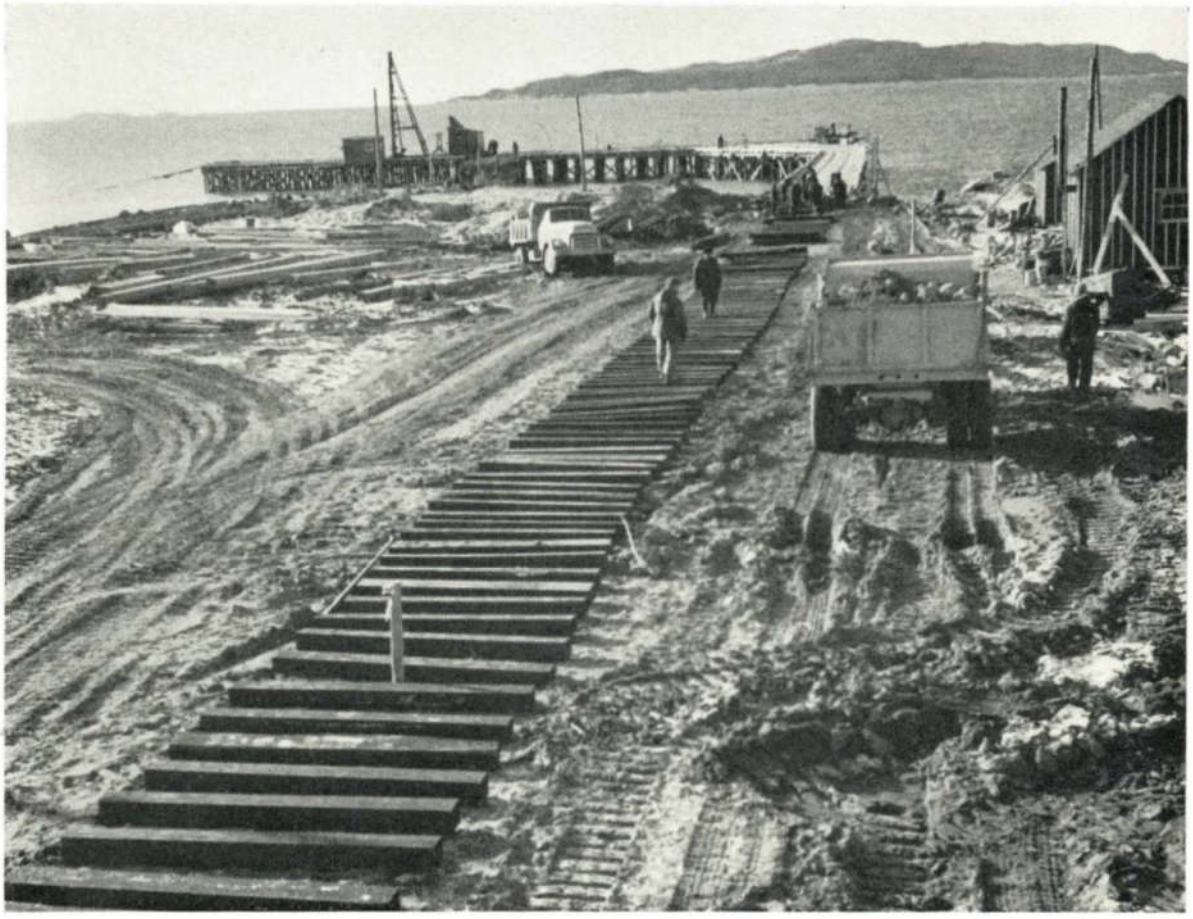
Today, down in Quebec, the name of Seven Islands is on every lip, and there are some who prophesy that from the little trading post and fishing village of a thousand souls will arise one of Canada's most important industrial cities. An iron field to rival Mesabi is in the making. Work is under way at Knob Lake in the Burnt Creek region. A railway is snaking north from Seven Islands Bay and presently ore will begin to flow towards the smelters at Sorel and beyond, for coal is needed to extract the metal and there is none to be had in Ungava.

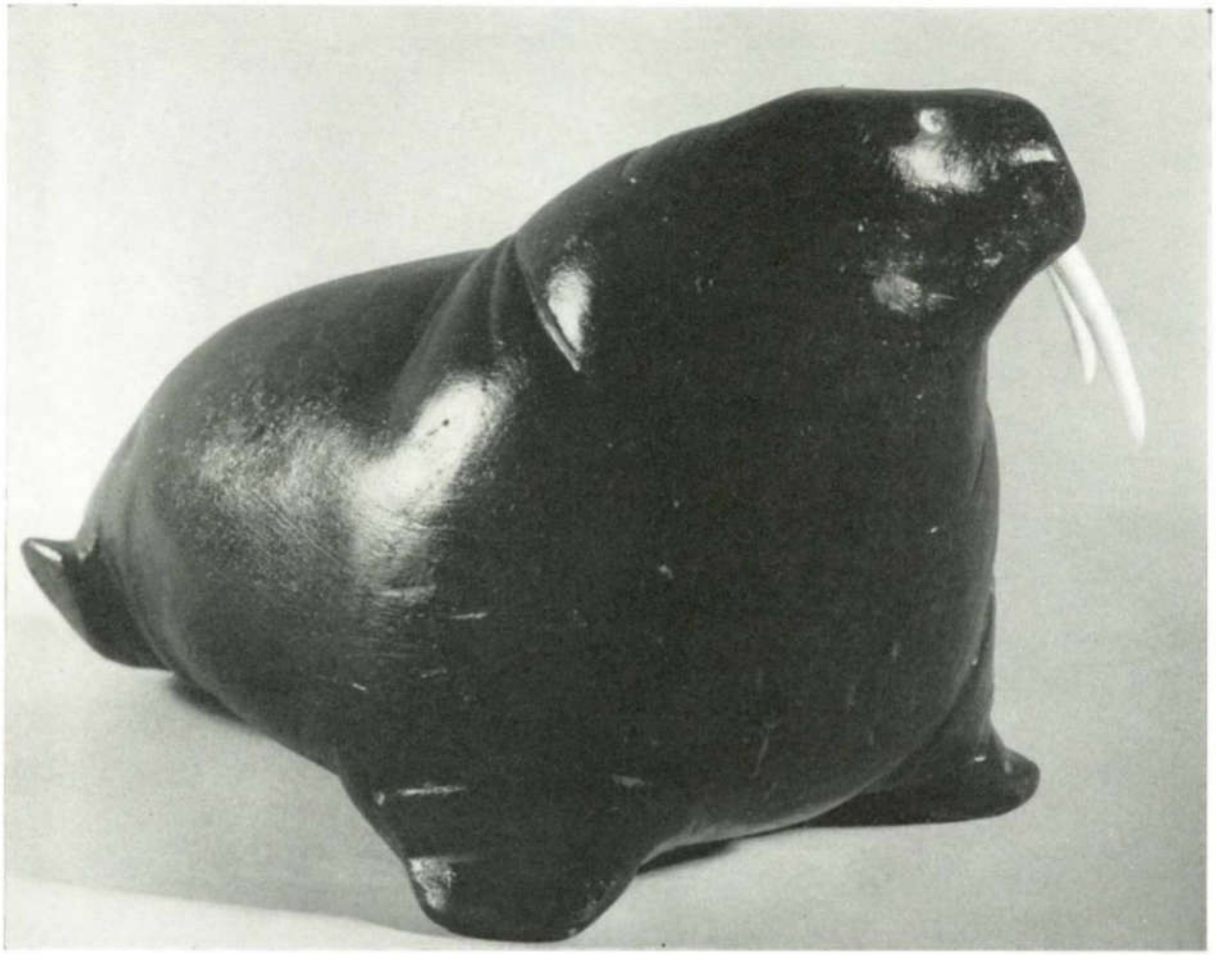
Yet there is no lack of energy in the streams which leap down from out of the mountains to the sea. Grand Falls on the Hamilton River, with more than a million unharnessed horse power, is a scant 140 miles from Knob Lake. The Ste. Marguerite and the Moisie and a hundred other streams need but a bridle to lend man their power and spin the wheels of commerce. Coal still is king in the realm of steel but there are whisperings of a new process based on hyrdo-electric power. Perhaps the day is not far distant when pigs and ingots, not ore, will form the cargo outward bound from Seven Islands Bay.

The people of the bay, though keen, are not befuddled by this new fame. They have learned the lesson of other boom towns and are determined that Seven Islands must not be permitted to grow unplanned. Already they have had their community incorporated and are laying out a controlled townsite. Paved streets will soon replace the corduroy with which the fisherfolk were well content, and other municipal services are in the offing. There is even some talk of a modern highway, where none exists, to link up with Baie Comeau, Hauterive and Forestville, 125 miles to the west.

Nor has Seven Islands forgotten its origin, or that 1951 brings the three hundredth anniversary of that day in 1651 when Jean Dequen left Tadoussac in a frail canoe to bring the Gospel to the Mamios. There will be no pageant, nor any spectacular celebration. Seven Islands is much too busy for that, but in all probability a simple monument will be raised, and perhaps a park laid out, to remind the passing miner that others came that way before.

FUTURE. The beginning of the railway that will haul the iron ore from the Labrador fields to salt water. Hollinger-North Shore.





Walrus — Syoolie

ESKIMO SCULPTORS

by James A. Houston

Photographs by B. Beaver

LOOKING out of the Post window at Port Harrison across the hard-packed drifts to the sea ice, we saw two black dots slowly become dog teams hauling their heavy sleds. "It's Syoolie and Amidilak with their families," announced Tommy the Eskimo post-servant, coming in for the keys to the fur shed.

Norm. Ross, Hudson's Bay Company manager, finished his morning coffee and drew on his boots and parka. With the gleam of the old competitive fur trader in his eye, he walked down the hill to the store.

Inside, the nailheads glistened with frost and the wooden floor seemed colder than the snow. We agreed that if any of the hunters on the east coast should have a good fox catch; it would be Syoolie, one of the very best. I was expecting a number of interesting handicrafts, too, having bought articles of excellent quality from Syoolie's camp on his last visit, six weeks before.

Dogs yelping excitedly, the teams drew up in a cloud of steam. Syoolie, Amidilak and two young men from their camps stamped into the store. Norm nodded in greeting. "How was the hunting?"

"Well, not too good," admitted Syoolie; "Some seals. The women are getting a few fish. As for the fox, that was very bad—only six for the whole camp."

Amidilak silently took from his bag two sealskins, practically worthless; and the one fox that represented the entire catch for his camp. "The fox did not run near our camp. It is indeed a poor year."

Norm shook his head, and gave them what he could.

The business of fur-trading completed, Syoolie came to speak a few words with me. "*Sinouruk tahukpeet?*", I asked him. (Have you any of the small things you make?)

"*Aii!*" Here was the means to get more cartridges, and perhaps tea, if the Left-Handed One liked the small carved things he had left, almost forgotten on the sled.

Syoolie returned almost immediately, carrying two large sealskin bags. So that the others could not see his carvings, Syoolie turned his back to them, and began unpacking. First, a bear carved in black soap-stone; a man in a kyak; a stone igloo . . . all illustrating the Eskimo creator's fine eye for detailed accuracy and his complete anatomical knowledge of the people and animals around him. And then, the Walrus! This was the fourth and last article that Syoolie brought from his bag. Beautifully carved, fat, with rich proportion; this stone walrus with ivory tusks was, I thought, the best piece that Syoolie, a fine stone-carver, had ever brought to me. I spoke enthusiastically, "This is very good. It is a wonderful likeness of a walrus. I would like you to make me another."

Syoolie looked again at the walrus, with pride and a little bewilderment. "You see that I can carve a perfect walrus; why would you have me carve another?"

As I wrote the chit which he would immediately trade for necessities here at the post, I suggested: "Syoolie has not yet made a caribou."

"Next time I come, I will bring a caribou carved more perfectly than any you have seen." Syoolie stepped aside, and Amidilak, more artist than hunter, took his place.

Many prominent critics believe that our Eskimos of the Eastern Arctic are producing Canada's finest contemporary art, and that every attempt must be made to encourage and maintain their individuality and pride of primitive forms. Amidilak's art forms, a bold interpretation of the sea-goddess Sedna, a delicately carved snowbird in ivory and a miniature stone lamp, were excellent examples of this primitiveness and originality.

Now the wives of Syoolie and Amidilak shyly came forward to offer their work. Syoolie's wife, like all Eskimo women, was a meticulous seamstress and had made several pairs of elaborate sealskin slippers. Amidilak's wife had created Eskimo dolls with stone faces, carefully dressed in caribou skin clothing; and a family of Eskimo dolls with ivory faces. Each of the women had brought baskets, beautifully woven of Arctic grass, with handles carved in stone and ivory.

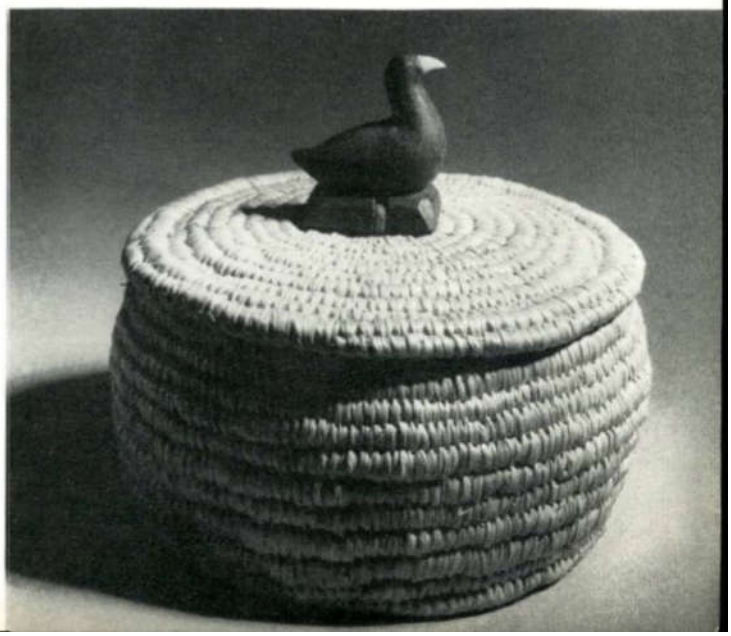
Unlike our Indians, Eskimo women do not know the use of dyes for decorative purposes. Their use of narrow black sealskin strips interwoven in animal designs produces an interesting and original effect. These were exceptionally fine baskets, and having received their payment, the two women happily discussed together the purchases they would make.

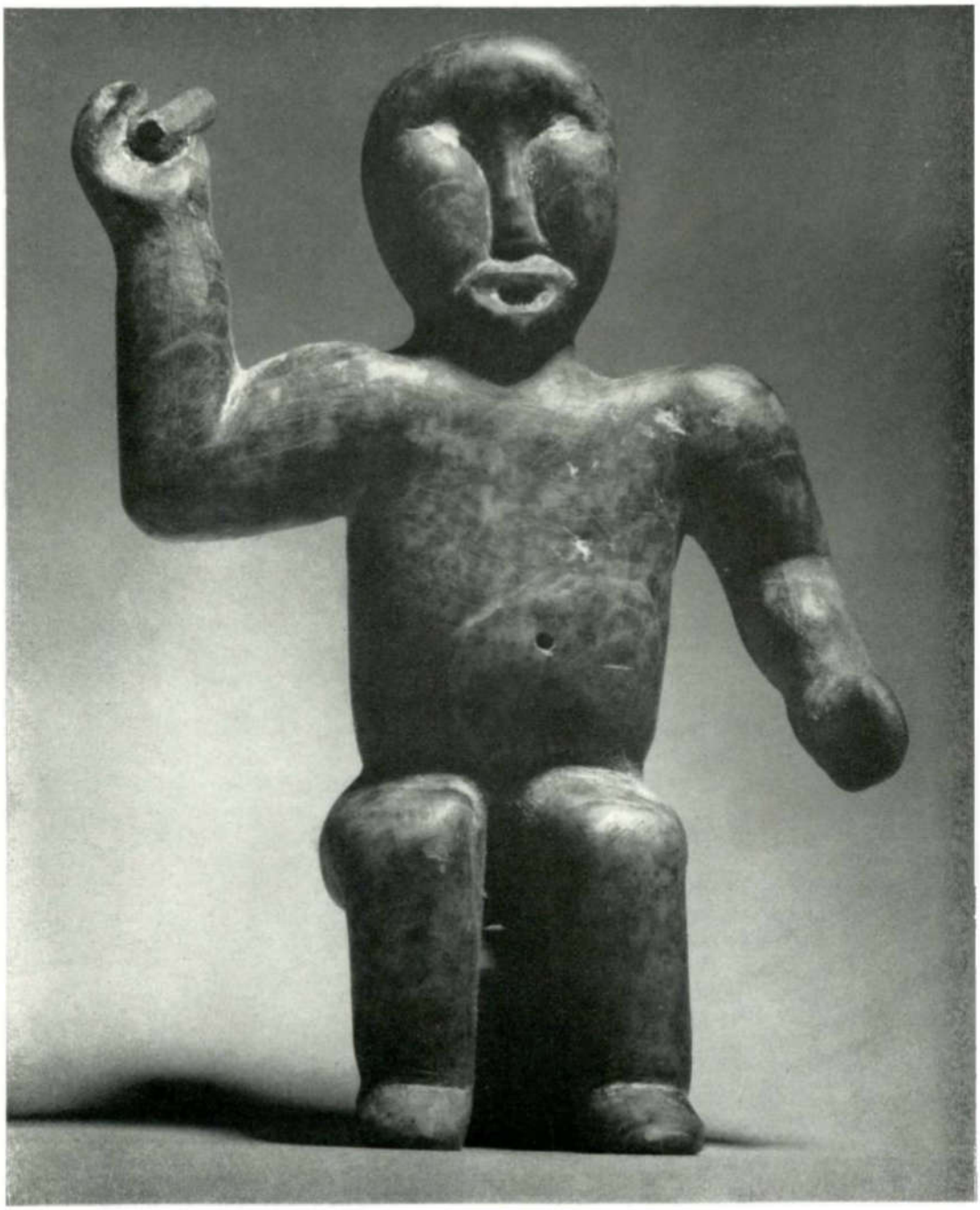
I was very pleased with the quality and the increased production of these two camps. I indicated to Norm that our handicraft trading was over, when Amidilak edged nearer, his son Koonie beside him. "The boy has made something to show you."

Koonie, a handsome thirteen year old, timidly drew out of a pocket his art form, tightly clutched in his hand. It was a carving in stone of a small boy; kneeling, arms uplifted as in a dance. The movement in the figure was magnificent!

The Eskimo project of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild began with a test purchase in the Port Harrison-Povungnetuk areas in the summer of 1949. I had visited Harrison while on a painting trip the previous summer, and on my return to Montreal, the few small carvings I had been able

Grass basket with soapstone murre handle.
Elizabee

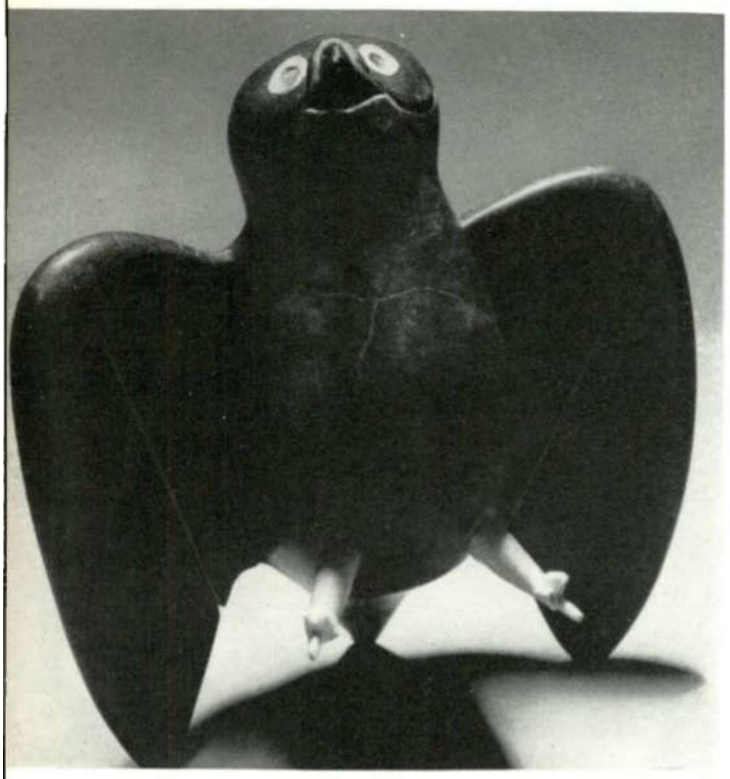




Naked Giant — Philipussee

Woman and Dog

Akeeaktashook



Owl protecting nest — Koopeekoolik

to collect were shown to members of the Guild. They were impressed by the artistic importance of the articles, immediately became interested in the potentialities of the Eskimo work, and so decided upon the test purchase, requesting that I return to the Arctic and carry out the project.

Having learned at Port Harrison during my previous visit that the natives in that area were in need of additional means of making a living, I was glad of the opportunity to begin there. Povungnetuk and Cape Smith were also, as it later proved, excellent places for the introduction of the Handicrafts endeavour.

The Hudson's Bay Company gave fullest co-operation to the plan, providing food and much valuable information. Norm Ross helped immensely with the payment to the Eskimos by evolving the system of chits, which they trade in the store for their necessities. His understanding and enthusiasm were important factors in establishing with the natives the idea that we were prepared to buy a considerable quantity of their handicrafts. Once the Eskimo fully understood that, the place became a veritable hive of activity. Summer is always a time when they have little or nothing to trade, and they gladly devoted much of their time and interest to their new industry.

From the outset, the project progressed favourably, and the Eskimos in all three of the places visited were en-

Family group—sealskin, ivory, wood, and grass — Ikuma

thusiastically creating before the trip had ended. My headquarters, the Anglican Mission at Harrison, was most satisfactory. The Anglican Arctic Diocese had kindly given me their permission to use the building, which was not being used at that time by the church.

During the trip, about a thousand articles were bought, and were arranged for a November sale at the Peel Street Shop of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild in Montreal. The Guild had advertised the sale, scheduled to last a full week. It was over, however, in three days. All the articles had been sold!

A representative of the Department of Mines and Resources had visited the Harrison area during the summer, and had seen the test purchase as a definite aid to the Eskimo economy. Later, the decision was made in Ottawa that a grant from the Department would be offered the Guild, to extend their Arctic project and to offset travelling and shipping expenses. On receipt of this encouraging help, the Guild's second Arctic operation was planned.

The plan was to visit Chesterfield Inlet, in the spring of 1950. This trip was postponed, due to reports received that the Harrison-Povungnetuk area had suffered an extremely poor fox year. At the government's request, the east coast of Hudson Bay was revisited, from February to July 1950.

During that period the Eskimos produced handicrafts at the purchase cost of a thousand dollars a month—in the Harrison area alone.

As well as this increase in production, the quality of the pieces greatly improved. After July, when I returned to Montreal to prepare for the Chesterfield trip, Norm Ross at Harrison and Irvine Gardiner at Povungnetuk continued purchases throughout the summer, and are still doing so at the present time. With co-operation of this kind, the venture will continue to succeed.

Repulse Bay was the next place to be visited for the development of handicrafts, and a satisfactory beginning was made. The culture of the Repulse Eskimos differs considerably from that of the east coast natives, though they are as anxious to create. A number of interesting pieces were purchased, one of the differences being the larger percentage of ivory work. Here also the H B C post manager, Alec Spalding, is continuing purchases for the Guild.

At this date, more than eleven thousand pieces have been purchased. The Eskimos' desire for originality is clearly illustrated, in that of all these, no two are really alike.

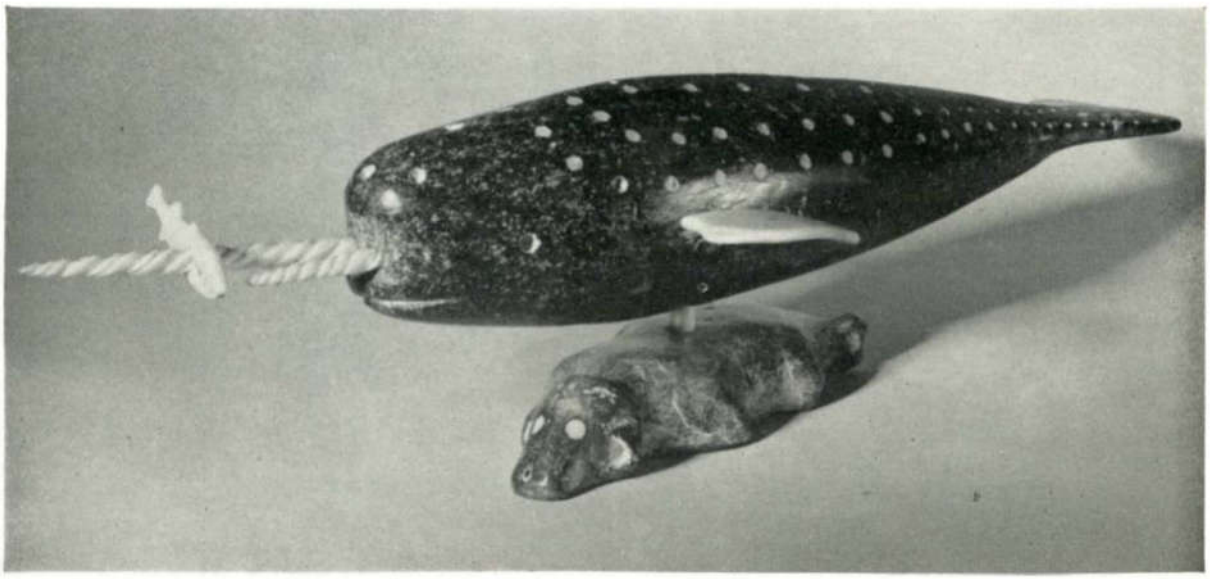
The Guild has attempted to develop those things made by the Eskimo that are thought to be most interesting and saleable to the public. We encourage them to select better stone, to age the ivory for durability, and to clean the skins in order to remove the odour. Sinew-sewing and original designs are encouraged, and every attempt is being made to utilize the materials native to the Arctic.

None of these crafts has been *taught* by the Guild. They are age old in the Eskimo culture. The enormously strong creative urge of the Eskimos is found in children as young as Koonie. It has been the policy of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild to purchase all their works, usually at a fairly small price, to encourage children's activities in this direction, even though the work is for the most part unsaleable. They earn opportunities to contribute to the needs of the family, and their artistic improvement is rapid.

Looking towards the future of the Eskimo, with the Arctic rapidly opening up, it is his first step into industry. Government relief in these areas is being reduced, and the natives are obviously well pleased with their new earning power.

With more than seventy-five percent of their members over fourteen years of age in one area actively engaged in artistic endeavours, the Eskimos are certainly Canada's liveliest art group.

Narwhal and mythical sea creature — Neveeaksee



THE PRECISE SPEAKERS

by Robert A. Logan

The Cree language with its variety and exactness makes a highly interesting study.

WITHOUT the Indians to collect furs there would have been no North American fur trade. Without the fur trade the history of Canada would have been very different from what we have on record today. To a great extent, the fur trade of the west and north was carried on in the territory of Cree speaking Indians.

What is known of their language?

The North American Indian neighbours of the Pilgrim Fathers, in New England, spoke a dialect or language of the, so-called, Algonkian family of languages. The first North American Indian customers of the Hudson's Bay Company spoke an Algonkian language—a language now generally known by the name of Cree.

The first Bible printed in the New World, by English speaking people, was a translation into an Algonkian language—that of the Massachusetts Indians, in the year 1663; but the first really reliable grammar of an Algonkian language was not published until 1844. It was written by a man who had spent twenty years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The book is entitled *A Grammar of the Cree Language, with which is combined an analysis of the Chippeway Dialect*, by "Joseph Howse, Esq., F.R.G.S., and resident twenty years in Prince Rupert's Land, in the service of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company."

Mr. Howse was an accomplished linguist and evidently had read everything available on the subject of Algonkian languages and the various attempts which had been made to write grammars of several of these languages. He knew his subject, and his analytical abilities and his skill in writing produced such an original, detailed and accurate grammatical analysis of the Cree language that it has served as the basis of study for many other Indian tongues, as well as providing a vast storehouse of original ideas and accurate information on the Cree language.

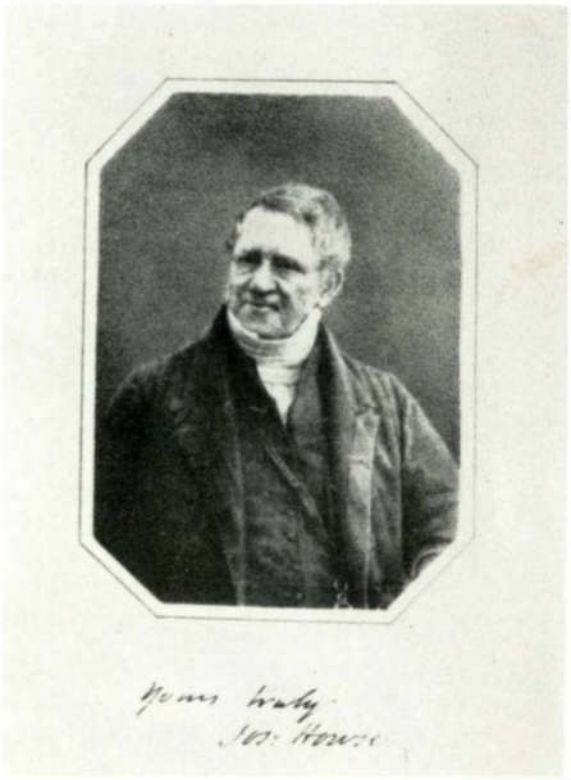
Of all the various Algonkian languages, or dialects, Mr. Howse believed that the Cree language was the oldest and the purest. In fact, he considered it as the "leading native language of all the tribes belonging to the British Settlements in North America" and the source or mother-language of all the dialects "in the different branches of the great Algonquian family."

Of the several Cree dialects, he believed that the one most likely to have suffered the least change from its original form was the *th* dialect as spoken by the people in the vicinity of the Churchill River. His grammar makes use of this dialect but it applies equally well to all dialects of Cree by substituting the appropriate sounds peculiar to each such dialect, it being a peculiar fact that the chief differences in Cree dialects consist of substitutions of certain sounds in certain words. Where the Churchill River Indians use the sound of *th*, (as in the English word "with") the Prairie, or Plain Cree use the sound of *y*, and the Swampy Cree or Muskegoo Indians use the sound of *n*, while the Moose Cree Indians on the coast of Hudson and James Bays use *l*. The grammatical construction of the language is not affected by these sound changes.

For instance, the words meaning "I do not know it" are the same, in these four dialects, except for the differences shown below in capital letters:

Churchill River Cree—NumuweTHu ne kiskayTHitan.
Prairie Cree—NumuweYu ne kiskayYitan.
Swampy Cree—NumuweNu ne kiskayNitan.
Moose Cree—NumuweLu ne kiskayLitan.

Joseph Howse, who wrote the first Cree grammar. From the frontispiece of his book, published in 1844.



English Version

	Ā LATE	E, I ME, PIN	OO LOOK	U UP	A PAN	WITHOUT VOWEL
	∇	△	▷	◁	◁·	
K	ᑫ	ᑭ	ᑯ	ᑲ	ᑲ·	ˋ
M	ᒣ	ᒥ	ᒧ	ᒪ	ᒪ·	ᐧ
N	ᓄ	ᓇ	ᓅ	ᓐ	ᓐ·	˃
P	ᐯ	ᐱ	ᐳ	ᐸ	ᐸ·	ˈ
S	ᔦ	ᔨ	ᔩ	ᔭ	ᔭ·	ˆ
T	ᑌ	ᑎ	ᑐ	ᑕ	ᑕ·	ˊ
Y	ᔮ	ᔾ	ᔿ	ᕀ	ᕀ·	·
TSH	ᒉ	ᒋ	ᒍ	ᒐ	ᒐ·	–
L						ᐦ
R						ᐣ

French Version

E′	I	O U	Â	WITHOUT VOWEL	
∇	△	▷	◁		
ᑫ	ᑭ	ᑯ	ᑲ	ˋ	K
ᒣ	ᒥ	ᒧ	ᒪ	ᐧ	M
ᓄ	ᓇ	ᓅ	ᓐ	˃	N
ᐯ	ᐱ	ᐳ	ᐸ	ˈ	P
ᔦ	ᔨ	ᔩ	ᔭ	ˆ	S
ᑌ	ᑎ	ᑐ	ᑕ	ˊ	T
ᔮ	ᔾ	ᔿ	ᕀ	×	Y
ᒉ	ᒋ	ᒍ	ᒐ	–	TSH
ᒄ	ᒃ	ᒃ·	ᒃᐧ	s	L
ᒋᐦ	ᒋᐦ·	ᒋᐦᐧ	ᒋᐦᐧ·	z	R

The signs used in Cree syllabic writing. A dot following any character means that the sound of W should precede the vowel. A small circle after a character represents the sound of O or OO, thus:

ᓇ ᒪ ᐃ· ᔭ ᓂ ᐱ ᔦ ᑫ ᔾ ᑌ ᐣ

NU MU WE YU NE KI S KAY YI TAY N

△ ˆ ᑫ· ᐤ

I S KWAY OO

Mr. Howse laid the foundation on which all subsequent books on or in the language are based. His grammar has long been out of print and copies are very difficult to obtain. The writer tried in vain for nearly forty years to obtain a copy. He finally obtained one by having each page of the copy of the grammar in the New York Public Library copied on microfilm, from which he made enlarged prints to form an easily readable book.

Many of the branches of the Algonkian family of languages have died out or are no longer in daily use. Others are in the process of dying out but the Cree language is still going strong as a regular language spoken by thousands of people in Canada today. There are radio broadcasts in the Cree language and at least two newspapers or magazines are published in the Cree syllabic system of writing.

The spoken language is very old but the written language, in its present form, is only a little over one hundred years old. In 1841, at Norway House, Manitoba, the Rev. James Evans invented what is now known as the Cree syllabic system of writing.

The syllabic system is based on the principles of phonetics. The actual shape of the character indicates the consonant sound, while the vowel sound of the syllable which the character represents is indicated by the degree of clockwise orientation of the character.

For example, a wedge-shaped character with the point up represents the sound "pee"; with the point down it represents the sound of "pay"; with the point to the right it represents the sound of "poo" and with the point to the left it represents the sound of "pa" or "pu."

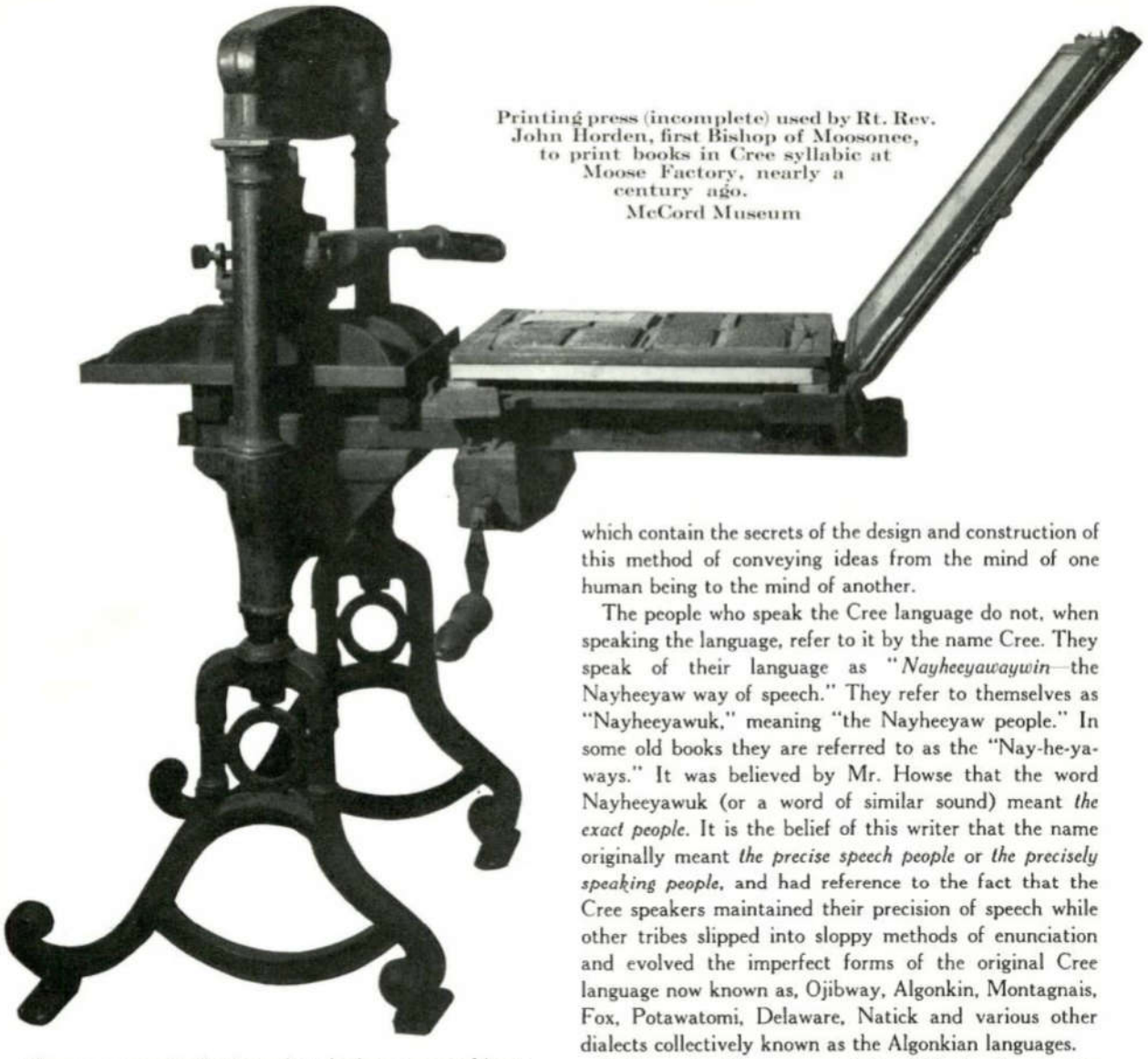
There are also small marks representing only one sound, such as a dot to represent "w" or a lengthened vowel, depending on whether it is placed after or above the character involved. A short dash and a small crescent have various consonantal sounds depending on their degree of orientation. The whole system consists of only 15 characters—11 "rotating" and 4 fixed. There are four stages of orientation. At least, 15 characters is the number sufficient to write Prairie Cree and Swampy Cree, but, because of the frequent use of the letters R and L in Biblical names, characters to represent these sounds have been added.

While the Cree syllabic system was quickly adopted for use in printing religious books, including the whole Bible, it was, and still is, considered better to use English or French letters for works of a grammatical nature and for dictionaries. However, two systems are used, one is the English language system which is used by the Protestant organizations and the other is the French language system used in all Roman Catholic publications.

The Cree language contains no harsh sounds. It is about half vowels. The Prairie Cree, in which most of the books on and in the language have been published, has no sounds of F, J, L, R, V, Z or TH.

Many people have mistakenly assumed that because the Indians had a relatively low state of what we call civilization, when they were encountered by white men after the voyages of Columbus and Cabot, their language must have been a very primitive one and, no doubt, consisted chiefly of grunts, groans and gestures. Actually, nothing could be farther from the truth.

The Cree language is not a mere hodge-podge of sounds, or something that developed by evolution from the primitive attempts of some stone-age people to convey ideas by voice. If clarity, regularity, preciseness and ease of enunciation can be deemed to be attributes of civilization, it is one of the most highly civilized languages of all the many languages known to the world today.



Printing press (incomplete) used by Rt. Rev. John Horden, first Bishop of Moosonee, to print books in Cree syllabic at Moose Factory, nearly a century ago.
McCord Museum

There are many indications that the language could not have been designed or developed by any primitive people. It could not have been produced by people having a low or medium state of human intelligence. How far back into the shadows of the dawn of human existence the origin and use of the Cree language goes, no one at this time can tell.

For years the children in the Kimberley district of South Africa played with the smoothest of the local pebbles until, one day, someone discovered that these pebbles were precious diamonds. For over three hundred years white men have been living in, or travelling through, the territory of Cree speaking people without knowing that the so-called ignorant savages had a language far more regularly formed, easier learned and, regularly, more grammatically spoken than their own French or English. And, like the children of Kimberley, many ardent comparative linguists and philologists in various stages of accomplishment have been playing with the study of the Cree language and its "pebbles" of so-called transitive and intransitive verbal forms, its so-called relative case and its "unpredictable word order" without seeing the diamonds of actual facts which contain the secrets of the design and construction of this method of conveying ideas from the mind of one human being to the mind of another.

The people who speak the Cree language do not, when speaking the language, refer to it by the name Cree. They speak of their language as "*Nayheeyawaywin*—the Nayheeyaw way of speech." They refer to themselves as "Nayheeyawuk," meaning "the Nayheeyaw people." In some old books they are referred to as the "Nay-he-ya-ways." It was believed by Mr. Howse that the word Nayheeyawuk (or a word of similar sound) meant *the exact people*. It is the belief of this writer that the name originally meant *the precise speech people* or *the precisely speaking people*, and had reference to the fact that the Cree speakers maintained their precision of speech while other tribes slipped into sloppy methods of enunciation and evolved the imperfect forms of the original Cree language now known as, Ojibway, Algonkin, Montagnais, Fox, Potawatomi, Delaware, Natick and various other dialects collectively known as the Algonkian languages.

In the earliest known records in which the Cree speaking people are mentioned they are referred to, by French writers, as Kinistineaux, Klistineaux, Cristineaux or some variation of a similar sounding word. It is not known where or why the name originated. It is more than possible that this is a corruption of an expression meaning "they who were the first" or "they who were the first to arrive." At any rate, it is generally supposed that the name Cree is an abbreviation of the appellation Cristineaux. It is rather odd that these people should be given a name one third of which is a sound entirely foreign to their tongues. The sound of the letter "R" is used in only one minor dialect but there is no doubt about the habitual preciseness in the speech habits of these people when their language is compared with other Algonkian languages.

To describe in detail the make-up of the Cree language would require too much space for an article of this kind, but mention of a few points might be of interest.

The Cree language is very precise and not nearly so much is left to the imagination as in English. The general idea of the language corresponds to the system of using "thee and thou" and "you" of old English but the sequence

of ideas is very much like that of Gaelic or like the "It is walking I am" of the Irishman who fits English words to the Gaelic sequence of ideas. There is a definite distinction between animate and inanimate objects and the distinction is always shown in verbal forms for action and descriptions.

In Cree there is an extra pronoun not found in English or French. If three English-speaking men were together and one said to another, "We saw our horses," would the word "we" mean all three men or just two of them? And if the latter, which two? Similarly, how many of the men might be involved in the ownership of the horses, as indicated by the word "our"? If the men were speaking Cree there would be no ambiguity, because one form of "we" means the speaker and the person spoken to, while quite a different "we" indicates the speaker and the person spoken of, and excludes the person spoken to.

In English we have another blind spot that does not occur in Cree. In the English statement, "Mary walked with her neighbour and her mother," or, "John handed Tom his axe," did Mary walk with her own mother or with the mother of her neighbour? Whose axe did John hand to Tom? In the Cree language there would be no doubt. One set of words or forms is used with the first Third Person, another set with the second Third Person and still another set with the third Third Person.

A Cree speaker is too polite to say "I see you"; that would be mentioning himself before mentioning the person to whom he is speaking. His statement would be more like "You are seen by me."

In Zulu, Latin, and languages derived from Latin, the noun plays a very prominent part. In Cree and languages derived from Cree, the noun plays a very insignificant part in comparison with the part played by the verb. It has been claimed that the Cree language is "all verb," because nearly every part of speech is verbalized. The Cree speaking people did not have a written language when they were first met by English or French speaking people. When the white men tried to record in writing the sounds of Indian speech they were amazed by the long words used by the Indians. In putting the Cree speech into writing the white men have divided it into many long words, and custom has established these long words, but most of them are actually sentences and not individual words. If we mean by "word" a group of sound symbols representing only one single idea then the Cree words are actually very short.

Joseph Howse in his Cree grammar of 1844 made a very sage observation which apparently has been unnoticed or passed over without proper understanding by later grammarians and students of Algonkian linguistics: "The unseemly appearance which the Algonkian dialects generally present to the eye of the learner, proceeds often from *a wrong division of the words*—as well as a too fastidious or false orthography."

His Cree grammar was first published in 1844 but a second printing was made in 1865. The first Cree dictionary known to have been published was a small one of only seven pages containing about six hundred words. Its date and author are not definitely known but it is assumed to have been written by Thomas Bowery and to have been published in 1701. One copy is in the British Museum and a manuscript copy of it is in the library of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D.C.

On April 2nd, 1862, in the Court House at Fort Garry, before the Institute of Rupert's Land, the Ven. Archdeacon James Hunter, M.A., delivered a lecture on the grammatical construction of the Cree language, which was supplemented by a series of charts showing paradigms of several Cree "verbs" worked out in great detail. In 1875 this was published in book form with the title, *A Lecture on the Grammatical Construction of the Cree Language.*

Other books on the Cree language were published in the following years:

1865. Dictionary, by Rev. E. A. Watkins, containing a short treatise on the grammar, and using a mixture of Swampy and Prairie Cree dialects.
1874. Dictionary and grammar, by Rev. Albert Lacombe, in French and Prairie Cree.
1881. Grammar, by Rt. Rev. John Horden, in Moose Cree.
1890. *Primer and Language Lessons in English and Cree*, by Rev. E. B. Glass, translated by Rev. J. McDougall.
1934. Revised edition of Bishop Horden's grammar, in Prairie Cree.
1934. *English-Cree Primer and Vocabulary*, by Rev. F. G. Stevens.
1938. Revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Watkins' dictionary, begun by Ven. J. A. Mackay and completed by Ven. R. Faries as editor, Rt. Rev. J. G. Anderson, Rev. E. Ahenakew, and Rev. R. B. Horsefield.
1948. Grammar by Rev. H. E. Hines, in Prairie Cree.

Rev. Father Moulin, O.M.I., in Hobbema, Alberta, produced a monthly magazine for about 35 years, taking an active part in it until the time of his death, early in 1950. This magazine, referred to in English as *The Cree Monthly Review*, is still being published, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. It is printed in Cree syllabics in the Prairie Cree dialect.

For many years a monthly magazine, known in English as *The Cree Monthly Guide*, has been produced by the Rev. Canon Edward Ahenakew of Kinistino, Saskatchewan. It is in Prairie Cree and printed in syllabics. With all due respect to writers of other publications in Cree, copies of this publication should be invaluable for students of Indian linguistics because it is written by a man whose mother-tongue is Cree, and it is only reasonable to believe that anything written by him would serve as "Cree Texts" of the highest possible order, insofar as accuracy in the use of the language is concerned. It is to be hoped that some august institution interested in linguistics and endowed with foresight is keeping a complete set on file for the benefit of future generations.

Copies of the first Indian Bible, printed in several editions between 1663 and 1685, are now to be found in only a few of the large and famous libraries in different parts of the world. One rare copy, in part, was salvaged from a barber shop where its pages were being used as waste paper. Perhaps someone, somewhere, some day in the far future, may wish to examine some of our Cree publications in a library or archives. But how many copies will he find?

A Cree speaker might well answer: *Tantatto aytokay*, meaning "How many it may be, *if any*, I do not know."

KLONDIKE MEMORIES

by Nevill A. D. Armstrong

Col. Armstrong continues his Gold Rush reminiscences begun in the March "Beaver."

Pictures by Hegg are from "Klondike '98" by Ethel A. Becker, published by Binfords and Mort.

ON the morning of July 27th, the golden Mecca of the North appeared before my eager gaze. At first it was but a bundle of white dots on the side of the hill, but as we drew closer I began to make out myriads of cabins, huts, boats, rafts and warehouses, and when at long last we fussed up to the landing-stage, there must have been a full thousand men of every nationality assembled there.

All these people had spent a long and bitterly cold Arctic winter in the town and the surrounding districts, and were thirsting for news of the outside world; also for the chance of obtaining fresh food of some sort, as provisions became seriously short when the Yukon River froze up early in October of the previous year.

Before our little steamer had time to make fast to the wharf, the river bank was swarming with miners, and husky dogs were howling and joining in the general din.

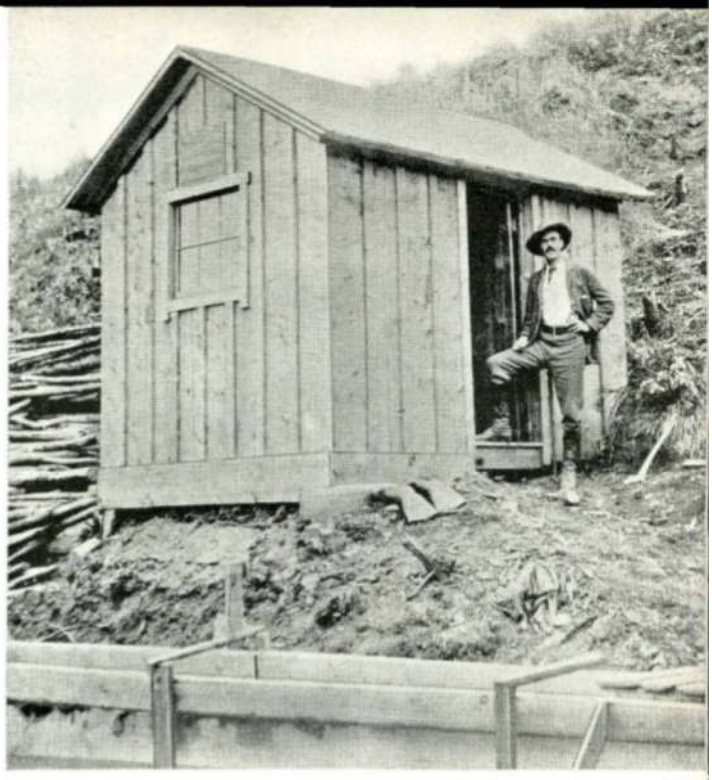
Front Street in Dawson at that time consisted only of the levelled-off bank of the river, the buildings being set back thirty feet from the water.

We had brought some San Franciso newspapers with us, and the Captain, standing on the top of his pilot-house, read aloud the principal news items (six weeks old) to the hundreds of residents gathered on the bank. Later in the day an enterprising miner hired a large tent and posted a notice outside saying that for an entrance fee of one dollar all the news contained in a few San Francisco newspapers which had just arrived would be read aloud to the audience between certain hours. This man collected a very considerable sum of money.

All sorts of signs and notices were to be seen as one walked down the muddy main street or on the rickety wooden sidewalks. One sign in particular caught my eye—it was painted on a strip of white canvas stretched across the road on poles, and read as follows:

"Charlie Brimstone—Undertaker—Bodies embalmed and shipped to the 'outside'."

This was not a very encouraging notice for the tenderfoot. Moreover, I found it alarmingly true that typhoid fever was rampant, the death rate being about a hundred and twenty per week.



The author outside his gold dust cleaning and weighing office, Bonanza Creek, 1899.

Thousands of newcomers got "cold feet" as soon as they arrived in Dawson and news spread that the whole country had been staked so that there was no earthly hope of striking anything. This, coupled with the accounts of the intense winter cold, the high prices of provisions and the fact that typhoid was raging, proved too much for the weak-kneed ones.

But the enthusiasm of youth is not easily quashed, certainly not on the very threshold of adventure. Besides I was luckily not in the position of thousands of these men who had flocked here without proper provision and nothing to fall back upon, imagining vaguely that the water in every creek flowed over solid gold dust or that they had but to scratch the earth's crust to come upon the precious metal. I was the accredited representative of a substantial firm with capital to buy what holdings I thought promising. All this vast crowd of fortune-hunters were, indeed, in a pitiful plight, without sufficient food, living in small log cabins and even tents. It is a marvel that so many weathered the winter and lived to see our steamer with its provisions draw to the stage.

Immediately after my arrival I looked about for some man of experience of the country who could give me a few "pointers," and in this I was exceptionally fortunate in meeting the famous George Carmack, the actual discoverer of the Klondike.

From him I had, indeed, a first-hand account of that baking day in August when an Indian woman, Carmack's wife, looked into a pan she had washed—and set the whole world tingling. Here's the story of it:

Carmack, who was an American prospector, and Kate, his native wife, together with his two brothers-in-law, "Skookum" Jim and Tagish Charlie, were slowly wending

their way up Rabbit Creek—as Bonanza Creek was originally called—on the way to a creek called Gold Bottom, in which a prospector named Henderson had found most encouraging prospects in placer gold. Henderson and Carmack were friends, and the former had advised the latter to visit Gold Bottom where they would do a bit of real prospecting.

It was a very hot day when the outfit made camp about one mile below the mouth of Eldorado Creek, as it was afterwards named. The trail had been a rough one, and the mosquitoes were plentiful. Carmack was tired and went to sleep in his tent after they had finished a meal of dried salmon.

While he slept, Kate took a pan and shovel and started washing along the rim rock of the creek which was exposed, and on which was a shallow deposit of fine gravel. Her first pan revealed quite a number of colours—a good prospect in fact. She carried on, and then, in washing another pan, she obtained about twenty cents worth. So excited was she that she ran across to the tent and quickly woke up Carmack to show him the results she had obtained. He, too, was excited over the find, and they there and then decided to pitch camp and sink a shaft. Of course they had no idea how deep the creek gravels were to bedrock. They went down five or six feet before they struck frost, and then they rigged up a windlass and picked their way down. At fifteen feet, streaks of sediment and clay were met with, yielding good prospects, as much as a dollar to the pan.

Intense excitement prevailed in the small camp. Finally, at sixteen feet, Carmack reached bedrock. He told me that he scraped the top of this very carefully, and putting it all into a pan, came out of the shaft and washed it out. It produced $238! Carmack put this in a glass bottle and always carried it on him—at any rate, when talking to him on the Discovery claim in August, 1898, he produced the bottle from his pocket and told me the story. It so happened that by the merest fluke Carmack had sunk his shaft on one of the richest spots on the Bonanza Creek claim.

For many years after the discovery it was a sore point with Bob Henderson that Carmack failed to notify him of his great discovery. He was less than a day's journey from the scene of the strike, and his contention was that unless he had found gold on Gold Bottom Creek, Carmack would never have struck gold on Bonanza, because he had no intention of prospecting in that part of the country before he had met Henderson. Henderson argued that he was the discoverer of the Klondike and, in fact, he pressed his views to such good purpose that the Canadian Government awarded him an annuity of $200 per month.

Immediately after striking bedrock and rich gold, Carmack and his Indian relatives staked out discovery claims and proceeded in all haste to the mouth of the Klondike where they took boat and went off down the Yukon to Forty Mile post. There they recorded their claims and notified the community of their rich strike, producing the gold they had brought with them. At first little credence was given to the story because he had on previous occasions started stampedes to various districts which had all been failures, but before long the whole community of Forty Mile and Circle City had left their cabins and belongings and hurried off to the New Eldorado.

Thus the famous stampede began.

I saw a good deal of Carmack and his wife Kate during the autumn of 1898 when he was working his claim and I was on No. 4 Below Discovery. He went from Dawson in the fall of '98 and left the management of his claim to a relative or relatives. Carmack emigrated to California and only returned to Dawson on short visits.

The Magnet road house on Bonanza Creek, advertising Bass's ale and Pabst beer. E. A. Hegg

I met him a few years later in San Francisco and while discussing Bonanza Creek and its richness, I asked him whether he had taken out a considerable fortune for his claim.

"No," he said, "my share came to about $60,000; my relatives got the rest."[1]

It was from Carmack that I purchased No. 4 Below Discovery on Bonanza Creek of which he was part owner with the late Tex Rickard—the boxing promoter, whom I knew quite well later as a saloon proprietor and also as manager of Madison Square Garden, New York. Carmack and Rickard had prospected No. 4 Claim in the previous winter, but had not struck any rich pay. I made him an offer; we came to terms and the claim was mine—I took a chance.

On August 16—the anniversary of Discovery Day—George Carmack and I left Dawson with small packs on our backs, for Bonanza Creek, I to take over No. 4 Below Discovery, and Carmack to return to his own Discovery Claim to watch the "clean up" of gold dust which was taking place.

Our trail led along the bank of the Klondike River for about two-and-a-half miles, when we crossed in a small row-boat and proceeded up the valley of Bonanza Creek (which is a tributary of the Klondike River). We had a 15-mile walk over a bad trail, mud everywhere and mosquitoes by the million.

Every few miles we stopped at a road-house where food of sorts and liquor were disposed of at high prices. A small section of heavy "pie" (made of dried fruit) and a cup of bad coffee were sold for 6s. Whiskey was 2s. per drink and champagne £12 per quart. The previous winter candles fetched 4s. each, flour £20 per sack of 50 lbs., dried fruit 4s. per lb., and I actually paid £80 for a side of beef from a yoke ox—which was as tough as boot leather!

About 5.30, tired and muddy, Carmack showed me the claim and the log cabin which was to be my headquarters through the coming winter. The cabin measured 12 feet by 10 feet. I could stand erect only in the centre of it, under the ridge pole. My claim measured 500 feet by 300 feet up and downstream.

Many shafts had been sunk here and yet the output had not exceeded £2000. The outlook was not too hopeful, but the location of the claim was excellent as the gravel in the claims above and below me was very rich.

By the middle of September I had arranged with thirty men to work for me on what was known as the lay system, on the understanding that they would provide all the work and other expenses for a 50% gross share of the output. Shaft after shaft was sunk during the early part of the winter by means of wood fires to thaw the frozen gravel, but no rich pay was found. Things looked discouraging and, coupled with this, no letters or papers were received in Dawson until December (when the North-West Mounted Police took over the mail transport with dog teams, from Lake Bennett to Dawson).

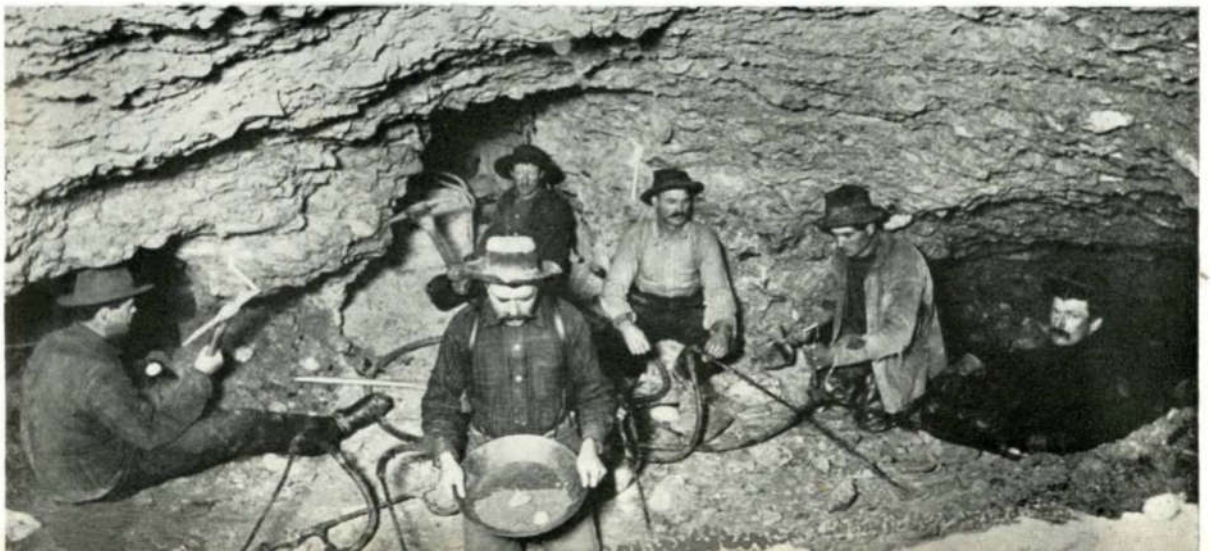
I had enough food for the winter, principally beans, bacon, rice, oatmeal, sugar, with an occasional piece of moose or caribou meat—no vegetables.

That was my first experience of real cold. I spent the entire winter alone in that small cabin on Bonanza and there were mornings when, jumping out of my bunk, I found the thermometer showed over fifty degrees below zero. Everything in the cabin was frozen solid—the bread like chunks of granite—and there was danger of frostbite before one could get the shavings alight. You may be sure I always kept myself well supplied with fuel and, between the work at the mine, most of my time was spent chopping both wood and ice. There was no running water anywhere—no springs—so we had to chop ice out of Bonanza Creek and thaw it out.

Occasionally I went down to Dawson—in all weathers. It was a 14-mile hike and, when no blizzard was blowing, and the mercury was not too low, was little more than a pleasant morning's exercise. The best journey I ever made was the day we got news that Dawson was burning down. I made the trip on foot in two hours twenty minutes that morning. We had a cabin in Dawson full of supplies and I was anxious to find if the conflagration had touched it. It was a pretty blaze which might have easily razed the city to the ground, but happily it was got under control. They started an all-night fire patrol after that, the residents forming squads of volunteers. I slept on the cabin floor that night and it was eight below zero!

1. A somewhat different version of the discovery is found in the Beaver Sept. 1946, pp. 6-8.—Ed.

Klondike miners working underground. One exhibits a pan containing two large nuggets. E. A. Hegg



The cold closed down early in November. You couldn't go out without your moustache being frozen to your face and white frost forming on your eyebrows. Icicles made an imitation beard and the wind would go through your clothing like a knife.

All the time the work went on. The ground was frozen solid to the rock base, sometimes a couple of hundred feet down, and, in order to work the sluice-boxes, it had to be first thawed by means of wood fires and then hauled to the surface. A strenuous life, but men will give all they have of energy when gold is the lure.

Still, to me it was a grand life. Though I was cut off from my own world, not getting even as much as a letter from August until the next spring; though I lived in the severest straits, and though for several months we struck little to encourage us, yet at twenty it was very much of an odyssey. I never had serious doubts that I should strike it lucky; I was thrilled to the bone at the accounts of strikes all round me; I felt I was indeed living and I know I would have changed places with none of my youthful friends back home who were living in luxury and warmth.

Even to-day I want to go back—as I always have gone back throughout the years that have followed.

I turn over that old '98 diary and envy the young man who was myself. Hardships? Yes. But wasn't it grand living?

It was just one long tale of cold and more cold. We had many days with the thermometer at 46 below zero and one when it touched 52. Men came and went, frozen, struggling to maintain life and scratch out some sort of living in that ice-bound region. We played cards sometimes and thought of home, the West End with its gaieties and its warmth. We drank to the old folks and endlessly we talked of the luck that came here and there to those we knew around the claims.

And then Dame Fortune called at *No. 4*. Early in February we struck the rich paystreak very nearly off the boundary of the claim!

The sinking of a shaft on the extreme left limit was pure luck, and when it was started I thought it would only be waste of time, but as this shaft reached bedrock we struck the Bonanza paystreak averaging about 60 cents to the pan in places. We followed this paystreak by sinking more shafts and drifting one to the other and cross-cutting. We frequently obtained pans yielding from $12 to $15—immensely rich gravel. The excitement was intense. We had struck a winner!

But even this success was eclipsed one day—February 24th—when out of the same shaft came the biggest nugget up to that time found in Klondike! And it still is the largest!

It was the size of a big man's fist—sufficient compensation alone for all the hardships of the long winter! It weighed 64½ ounces. I slept that night with the treasure under my pillow, but, of course, the news quickly spread and for days people came to see it, until I could not get on with my work, having to stay in the cabin like a museum attendant!

On February 24, 1899, the author discovered this 64½-ounce nugget, which he says was the largest ever found in the Klondike.

I may say that later on, in Dawson, I was offered £400 for this one nugget by a saloon keeper, but refused it. Which was unfortunate as things turned out. I placed the precious nugget for safe keeping with the Bank of British North America, in Dawson, and soon after depositing it the bank caught fire and was burnt to the ground. The sheet iron vault collapsed and the whole contents were exposed to fire and water. Besides several million dollars' worth of gold dust and gold bricks, there was a considerable amount of private jewellery, including diamonds (belonging principally to the demimondaine). My nugget was found, but the heat had charred and split the quartz which ruined it as a specimen. However, the bank allowed me £300 for its gold content.

When the snow melted and water began to run in Bonanza Creek, once again we commenced washing up the gravel we had mined during the winter and the work was finished on September 15th. By that time we had cleaned and sacked $112,000 worth of high-grade gold dust, which was very considerably more than any of us had anticipated. It was a magnificent sight to see our pans filled with Bonanza Creek gold. Among the first to congratulate me on striking rich pay were George Carmack and his Indian wife, Kate.

It was decided later in the year to dispose of No. 4 just as it stood, rather than to incur the heavy expense of opening up the claim, as I was firmly of the opinion that the paystreak, although rich, was only a very narrow one. This had been fairly well proved by our drifting operations.

In September, 1899, it was sold for $11,000 to a young American mining man and some of his friends. Had we at this time visualised that in a few years large gold dredgers would be digging their way up Bonanza Creek, our claims if held could have been sold for at least $25,000.

But No. 4 was only the beginning of what we cleaned up in the Klondike—and but an introduction to my adventures in the Yukon.

The final instalment of Col. Armstrong's Klondike Memories will appear in September.

BOOK REVIEWS

MANITOBA ROUNDABOUT, by Lyn Harrington. Photographs by Richard Harrington. The Ryerson Press. Toronto, 1951. 237 pages.

UNTIL recently, Manitoba was a place few tourists wanted to see. Bad roads, poor hotels and an almost complete lack of government promotion kept visitors to a minimum. Since the war, however, a heavy public and private investment in new highways, better accommodation and an imaginative publicity programme have been attracting more and more people annually. Last year, visitors spent an estimated $22 millions in the province, and the tourist industry began to assume important proportions in the economy.

Mrs. Harrington is the first writer to attempt a full-scale travel book, aimed frankly at the tourist market, and she has done an excellent job of setting out a record of the very real variety of recreational facilities available in Manitoba. Many will be surprised at the wide range of attractions in a province which most people dismiss as prairie. The rock-and-pine country to the north and east of Winnipeg, for example, is the equal of anything offered by the more publicized tourist areas elsewhere in Canada. Sports fishing in the north has established some world records, and there are freshwater cruises comparable to those on any other large Canadian lakes.

The author is at her best when she forgets mere reporting, and devotes more space to description. There are excellent sections on a tractor-train trip out of Ilford, on the Ernest Thompson Seton country around the Carberry sandhills, and on a trapping trip at Duck Lake.

The errors are minor and few. The site of Miss Davis' school at St. Andrews is several miles north of Bergen bridge. Hawthorne Lodge is south, not north, of Lower Fort Garry. Highway No. 3 leaves the Emerson road north, not south, of the University of Manitoba.

There are also one or two errors in the map. Pine Falls, for instance, is marked as "Pine Point." The map might have been improved if it included some of the more interesting tourist attractions, such as the mounds in the south, the sites of old forts and the various fishing spots.

Possibly Mr. Harrington had nothing to do with the selection of photographs. Some important subjects have been neglected which should surely have been included in any book on Manitoba. A mine, a farm, or a wheatfield come immediately to mind. There is nothing to illustrate the province's industrial growth, which has brought it to the point where the value of manufacturing production now exceeds farm output. Some of the photographs are first-rate, but most of them are not up to the standards he has established elsewhere. There is a fine portrait of Frank Skinner of Dropmore and an excellent view of the government elevator at Churchill. A number of the better shots have already appeared in the *Beaver*.—*S.M.*

TIDEWATER TO TIMBERLINE, by Dan McCowan, photos by the author. Macmillans, Toronto, 1951. 200 pages.

THIS latest book of Mr. McCowan's is written in a series of short chapters, many with humorous or punning titles; the text is in a similar vein, and the language is suitable for young people. It appears to have been written in a hurry and not carefully revised—at least that is what one must conclude in view of the large number of errors. There is only room here to mention some.

On page 3, the prairie chicken is said to have purple sacs: they are orange. It is the sharptailed grouse which has lilac coloured sacs. The prairie chickens' dance is said to be clearly a mating custom: however, we have seen it in late autumn, and others have noted it every month in the year, so that it may not be only a mating custom.

A rash statement (p. 6) is that the mallard is the only bird in this country that can "step on it"—which presumably means accelerate quickly. Actually it cannot compare in acceleration with a grouse or partridge when flushed, or a falcon in pursuit, or even sparrows when pursued.

On page 8 he states that "swifts belong to the swallow tribe." In reality there are five families separating the swifts from the swallows. On page 17 he describes a sort of "radar equipment" in the *wings* of bats for warning them of obstacles ahead; on the contrary, we understand that it is a supersonic vocal squeak, echoed from the obstacle to the ears, which enables them to avoid collisions.

On page 19 the author retails the story of an "entomologist" in Libya, who while observing the nocturnal activities of ants, "learned" that they navigate by the moon, and "concluded" that, when the moon was obscured, they used the stars. Do they stay home on cloudy nights?

Again, on page 40 Mr. McCowan describes the wolverine as "certainly the most primitive animal in Canada." What about worms, etc? And where would he place such *mammals* as shrews? On the subject of the raven, he states that "except on the north Pacific coast and in the Arctic, it is rare and few people elsewhere have seen one of these sable birds in its natural habitat." It is, however, regularly seen elsewhere, in the Canadian and Hudsonian zones, and occasionally in winter in flocks up to a dozen or more. The top speed of this bird he gives as about 25 m.p.h. and in the same paragraph says "they can fly rings round all Bald eagles."!

The above is sufficient to show that some of Mr. McCowan's statements in this book are open to question. It is also rather misleading to include photographs of mounted specimens amongst his pictures of birds, without saying that they are mounted. But perhaps he is not responsible for this. The book certainly has many good points, and one of its most readable parts is a graphic account of a fight between a grizzly and a mule, in which both were losers. —*L. T. S. Norris-Elye.*

Cover Picture

That's Ned Gordon piloting the ship up the Koksoak River to Fort Chimo, P.Q., and the late Sam Ford in the background. Sam, a Labrador man and an old Company servant of many years standing, lost his life last summer when the helicopter in which he was a passenger crashed on taking off from the *C. D. Howe*. Men of his name are found all over the Labrador and Eastern Arctic. In fact it has been said that on a clear day up there you can practically "watch the Fords go by." Incidentally, the man on the cover of the last *Beaver* was a brother-in-law of Sam's.

Ned Gordon comes by his occupation naturally, for his father was a Koksoak River pilot before him. That grin comes as standard equipment with every Eskimo.

First Prairie Wheels

The first wheeled vehicles on the Prairies are generally supposed to have been the primitive, four-spoked carts which Alexander Henry the Younger reported in use at his fort on the Pembina River in 1802. His journal for Sept. 20 reads in part: "We have enough [horses] for all purposes, and a new sort of cart which facilitates transportation, hauling home meat, etc. They are about four feet high and perfectly straight; the spokes are perpendicular, without the least bending outward, and only four to each wheel. These carts carry about five pieces, and are drawn by one horse."

It is rather interesting, therefore, to come across two references to much earlier prairie carts, in documents held by the Detroit Public Library. In the Woodbridge Papers of the Burton Historical Collection there, are found copies of two depositions made at hearings in Montreal on September 6, 1817, during the Red River troubles. Joseph Lafontaine, an old voyageur of the North West Company, testified on that occasion that about fifty years previously he had set out by canoe, with a man named Blondeau, for Fort Dauphin. In Lake Winnipeg they were taken by the ice and had to proceed overland. On their way they "passed by Lake Manitoba at which place he was surprised to see a *caleche* [open carriage] and several carts and also a *hangard* [cart shed] which he understood had been used by some French traders who formerly had a post at Portage de Prairies near the said lake, the remains of which were visible for many years after."

These vehicles therefore must have been used by the Vérendryes or their successors, during the French regime. That a man named Blondeau did go West in 1767 is recorded by the licences issued by Major Rogers at Michilimackinac. The "Account of Canoes gone out Wintering" shows that either Maurice or Bartholémi Blondeau went to Fort La Reine (Portage la Prairie) and Fort Dauphin with two canoes. Lafontaine's evidence is also supported by that of Jean-Baptiste L'Hunon, given the same day. L'Hunon stated that he was engaged by the North West Company in 1783, and that he saw pieces of cart wheels at Portage la Prairie—apparently about 1784.

Incidentally, he mentioned in the same deposition that he had been at Red River in that year and seen the remains of a fort at the Forks (where Winnipeg now stands) which, he was told by people living there at the time, had been built and occupied by a Frenchman named De la Corne. This would be Louis Francois de la Corne, who succeeded to the command of the Western posts in 1753, and who built the westernmost French post on the Saskatchewan, just east of the Forks, which Anthony Henday visited in 1754-5.

Among Those Present . . .

Lt.-Col. Nevill A. D. Armstrong of Penwortham, Lancs., spent many years in the Yukon, mining, hunting, prospecting, and adventuring. . . . *Stanley J. Bailey* of Ottawa is with the Department of National Health & Welfare. . . . *J. A. Burgesse* of Arvida is a student of Saguenay and North Shore history. . . . *Leonard Butler, Ph.D.*, is professor of zoology at the University of Toronto. . . . *James A. Houston* of Grand'mere, P.Q., is now up in Baffin Island collecting more carvings for the Canadian Handicrafts Guild. . . . *L. V. Kelly* of Crescent, B.C., is a retired marine editor of the "Vancouver Province." . . . *Lt.-Col. Robert A. Logan* of Lake Charlotte, N.S., has been a student of the Cree language for many years. . . . *Shane*

MacKay is legislative reporter with the "Winnipeg Free Press." . . . *Bruce McKelvie* is a well known historian and newspaperman of Victoria. . . . *Margaret Montgomery* is a geographer and climatologist with the Joint Intelligence Bureau of the Defence Research Board, Ottawa. . . . *Neil F. Morrison*, Ph.D., teaches geography and Canadian history at the W. D. Lowe Vocational School, Windsor, Ontario. . . . *L. T. S. Norris-Elye* is director of the Manitoba Museum. . . . *Clarence Tillenius* of Winnipeg is one of the leading animal-artists in Canada.

Archives Available

A press release on March 10th announced that the Public Archives of Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company had jointly undertaken the micro-filming of the Company's archives up to 1870. To historians long aware of the rich store of historical information available in them, the news came as a most welcome and long awaited boon.

There is no need to stress the importance of this move to those who have been concerned with the history of Canada. The general reader, however, should in due course find the results to be equally enlightening and interesting, for the Company archives have the unique merit of being the record of life in western and north western Canada from the first days of the fur trade. In these minute books, letters, fort journals and ships' logs lie not only the day to day record of events, but records of wind and weather, of wild life, of native customs and, most important of all perhaps, the fresh contemporary story of a large part of this continent as it appeared to the men who saw it first and by whose efforts it was laid open.

The conditions governing the use of the archives remain as before.

1. Inspection of the records is permitted on the express condition that any extracts obtained therefrom shall be submitted to the Company for approval prior to publication.

2. Applications to work on the Archives or on the microfilms must be addressed to the Secretary, Hudson's Bay Company, Beaver House, Great Trinity Lane, London, E. C. 4, and indicate the definite subject of the proposed research; applications in respect of vague or general subjects cannot be considered. All applications must be accompanied by two references or letters of recommendation. Students granted access to the Company's Archives or to the microfilms must give notice of acceptance of the Company's conditions in writing.

3. Any extracts taken from the Archives, with the archivist's permission, should be brief and limited to extracts strictly pertinent to the subject in question.

4. No "general collection" of documents or extracts therefrom can be permitted in any circumstances.

5. No extracts taken from the Archives may be transmitted to third parties without the Company's prior permission.

6. No extracts taken from the Archives may be deposited in University or other Libraries without the Company's prior permission.

7. Students are reminded that the Company itself has undertaken the duty of making its records public.

From now on, as copies of the microfilm arrive in Ottawa—the prints will be stored in the Archives on Sussex Street—North American scholars will have more easily available to them one of the largest and most valuable collections of records relating to the history of Canada outside the official archives of this country, the United Kingdom, and France.

Foxy Move

Foxes are commonly classed with the dumb animals; but it seems they're not entitled to the adjective in either sense. True, the only sound they emit is a sharp bark—but here's a story to prove that one barker at least is willin'—and far from dumb.

Maybe this particular little specimen of *Alopex lagopus* had seen his sisters and his cousins and his aunts all end up as a line of white pelts hanging up to dry outside some Arctic trading post. And perhaps aware that he himself was headed the same way—and that being trapped is a cold and uncomfortable business—he decided on a highly original and comparatively painless course of action.

At any rate, while Mary Porter, whose father runs the Company post on King William Island, was alone in the store one day last winter, she saw something white flash in through the half-open door; and the next moment, there was Barker standing on the counter, practically asking to be pelted. Mary obliged by fetching him a sharp tap on the nose, and within a few hours he was on the line, gone to his reward among his relations.

Next Issue

With the whole summer ahead of us—at least in these northern latitudes—it may seem a bit unnecessary to be thinking about September. But for those who associate the first fall month with wildfowl on the wing, it will be welcome news that the September *Beaver* will carry reproductions of some unpublished Peter Scott paintings—one in full colour—and an article about goose hunting on the famous marshes of James Bay. Most celebrated of next issue's authors will be Peter Freuchen of Arctic fame. For the historically minded there will be extracts from the diary of a chief factor's wife, who came from a sheltered home in England to the wilds of Rupert's Land back in 1840; and an article on A. G. Dallas, who succeeded Sir George Simpson as governor-in-chief of Rupert's Land. Col. Armstrong will contribute another story on his Klondike reminiscences, and an experienced trapper will relate some little-known facts about the paddle-tailed rodent from which this magazine takes its name.

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